The Living Age

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From Beginning

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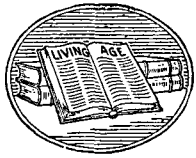

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AMERICA'S REJECTION OF THE LEAGUE

1. *The Treaty and the Senate*

ALMOST three weeks ago we warned our readers of the possibility that the United States Senate might refuse to ratify the Treaty of Peace, and that it behooved the Allies to consider how this contingency might affect themselves. The considered information furnished by our Washington correspondent has been pointing steadily to the increasing probability of this unfortunate event for a long time past. Nevertheless, his message published on Saturday came as a shock to no small part of the public. The shock, we are afraid, cannot but be deepened by the dispatches which reach us to-day

On Saturday the Senate gave the League 'another push toward the abyss.' A batch of the reservations proposed by the Foreign Relations Committee was carried through 'with a rush' in the afternoon, and several more were adopted in the evening. At the close of the sitting, Senator Lodge stated to an inquirer that he considered the Treaty to be 'dead.' The wish may, perhaps, be father to the thought, but it would be idle to shut our eyes to the fact that, so far as America is concerned, the League and the Treaty are in serious danger. If they are killed, the exact manner of their death is rather a matter of American party politics than of world concern.

The Democrats talk of killing them with Senator Lodge's reservations, and then resuscitating them and getting them through with milder reservations of their own.

President Wilson, it will be remembered, is said to be willing to accept reservations which should not destroy the Treaty. The Republicans, on the other hand, say that he will have no choice but to accept their reservations, or to negotiate a new treaty with Germany. The broad consideration for the Allies is that the prospect of effective American participation in the Treaty has become very dark. Even the Treaty with France, identical with the Franco-British Treaty, is no longer considered safe. By these instruments, it will be recalled, America and Great Britain severally agreed to give France armed assistance in the event of an unprovoked attack upon her by Germany. The Senate Committee of Justice, to which the Franco-American Treaty was referred, reported favorably upon it, but it has still to be sanctioned by a two thirds majority vote.

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Last Thursday the Senate rejected an amendment proposing that America should aid France for five years to maintain her sovereignty in Alsace-Lorraine. This may be explained upon tactical grounds, but in itself it is not reassuring. The truth is that the majority of the Senate hold American opinion to be strongly opposed to the assumption of real responsibilities in the Old World. Our Washington correspondent has little doubt that in this they are right, and that their opposition to the Treaty represents the national feeling. It is, as he has often explained, a natural feeling for a community in the stage of political development in which Americans now stand. President Wilson insisted that the Covenant of the League should be embodied in the text of the Treaty. His conception of the League stands, our correspondent observes, much farther along the road to internationalism than Americans are at present prepared to go. That is why League and Treaty are in jeopardy.

We cannot but deplore the situation which has arisen. We deplore it rather for its moral than for its immediately political consequences. We have always shared President Wilson's conviction that if ever again the aid of the United States is needed to save Europe, that aid will be given, League or no League. But the moral consequences are undeniably serious, and cannot be contemplated without real concern. If America 'takes the heart out of the League'— that League which was lately hailed as her chief contribution to the salvation of the world — the Allies will have to regret a loss much more serious than the loss of her material help, invaluable though this would be in securing the settlement which she has done so much to mould. Her example cannot fail to have a very bad effect upon other states and peoples. Many of them, it is to be feared, who would have joined a League of which America was a leading member, might hesitate to join a League which she refused to enter. The whole moral status of the League must be impaired by such a refusal.

That imposes upon the Allies, and particularly upon France and England, the immediate duty of considering the outlook. Are the Allies to attempt to reorganize Europe and the Near East on the ideals of the League, if America leaves it, or are they to be driven back by her renunciation to the old system of alliances and of competitive armaments? These are grave questions. Americans cannot justly be surprised if they are being asked to-day among responsible Europeans. Our Washington message tells us Americans themselves recognize that repudiation of the undertakings by which the President helped to secure the adoption of the League 'cannot but make for the recrudescence in Europe of all that is implied by militarism.'

We are glad that it is recognized. It is a painful but an obvious truth. Americans, we are afraid, may also be right in their apprehension that their reasons for repudiation may not be perfectly understood in all quarters, and that the Republican reservations may be interpreted as Mr. Taft has interpreted them. Mr. Taft crudely described some of them as 'a notice to the world that we are willing to enjoy the benefits of the League for ourselves, but that we are not willing to obligate ourselves in any way to aid the rest of the world in securing these benefits.' The President was accepted in Paris as the spokesman of America. That is what gave him his exceptional position in the counsels of the Allies and associates. The Republicans are now explaining that it was a mistake so to accept him; that when he entered

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into these obligations, and induced others to enter into them, he was not the spokesman of America, but of an American party which is in a minority. The explanation may be sound, but its acceptance must manifestly embarrass all other Powers in any similar negotiations with America.

If the moral engagements into which the chief executive of the United States entered in the name of the United States are not confirmed, a certain revulsion from American ideals and a certain diminution of American prestige in the Old World at least, would seem to be inevitable. We should deeply regret such a calamity to the cause of civilization. We decline to draw any positive conclusions from the present situation. We shall hope against hope that rejection and the consequences of rejection may be averted. But it would not be right to conceal from Americans or from ourselves the existence of the considerations to which that situation is giving rise.

The Times, November 17

II. *Good Riddance*

WE have raised a still small voice against the Covenant in this country, and upon several grounds. The first is that it creates a dual allegiance which we take to be dangerous to the British Empire. Hitherto, every state within the Empire has looked to His Majesty's Government as the supreme authority and the only protection: the Covenant creates a new authority and a new guardian to which states within the Empire might appeal against the authority of His Majesty's Government. That is objection Number One. Objection Number Two is that it reduces and undermines the sovereignty of our now independent state. Hitherto the British nation has been a sovereign nation with all a sovereign nation's powers: the proposal is to transfer some of these powers — vital powers — to a superior government upon which the British nation will be in a permanent minority. Our third objection is that it leads the nation to rely upon an outside Power for security, whereas, all history shows that a nation survives in a free state only by its own power to defend itself.

The Covenant we have compared to a rotten parapet on a bridge, which is more dangerous than a bridge with no parapet at all. And our fourth objection was that under any such scheme the preponderance of power in the League would fall into the hands of the Central Powers, that is to say, of Germany, which by its position commands more influence than we upon the circumference of the European circle are likely to possess. That objection, we admit, might be weakened if the United States were a party to the Covenant, because the United States might be expected to balance Germany. It is correspondingly strengthened if the United States stands out of the Covenant.

And that is what the United States appears to be going to do. The Senate, in the barbarous but expressive phrase of President Wilson, has 'cut the heart out of the Covenant.' It has added a series of reservations the result of which is to leave America without any obligation either to support or to obey or even to remain within the League of Nations. Now, for our part, we cannot but admire the Senate for the stand that it has taken. It has, in fact, taken its stand upon the independence of the United States as a sovereign nation, and its power to look after its own affairs and its own defense. It has also recognized the law of growth and decay in history, and has refused to commit itself to the portentous obligation

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of maintaining the world as it happens to stand in this present year of grace.

The United States, if the Senate carries its point, will 'assume no obligation to preserve the territorial integrity or political independence of any other country or to interfere with controversies between other nations, whether members of the League of Nations or not, or employ military or naval forces under any article of the Treaty for any purpose,' unless by Act or resolution of Congress. That is to say, as far as the United States is concerned, the League of Nations might as well not exist. Besides this cardinal reservation there are others — the United States reserves the right to increase armaments, the right to decide what questions are its own affair, the sole right to interpret the Monroe Doctrine, and so forth. In fact there is hardly a shred or tatter of the original Covenant left if these reservations are allowed. Now there is talk of compromise, and there is the presidential 'veto power,' that is to say, the President can refer a bill back within ten days after its passage, and that bill does not become law unless it is supported by a two thirds vote of both Houses. But the President cannot force his Covenant upon the Legislature, and the Legislature does not seem to be in the least inclined to give way. Unless the unexpected happens the Covenant will only pass as an eviscerated and derisory measure. The President, to be quite candid, is not in a position to deliver his own goods.

Now there was one argument which was always advanced by certain wiseacres in support of the League of Nations. It was this: that by no other means could America be induced to enter into relations of alliance with France and England. We never thought much of that argument; but now that it is, apparently, to be exploded, are we still to be forced into this Covenant? Are we to join in a League in which the most powerful member refuses beforehand to accept the responsibilities which we shall have to accept? We notice that the League of Nations press is already preparing the country for this incredible proposition. We are to accept all the obligations and the United States is to accept none of them, yet the United States is to have an equal vote with ourselves. Surely it is obvious that no self-respecting nation can look at such an arrangement. We must all regret the illness of the President; but it is idle to disguise the fact that his enthusiasm for an impractical ideal has got the whole world into a terrible mess. We do not know what solution there may be; but we can only hope that the abortive Covenant will be separated from the Treaty and allowed to drop into a deserved oblivion.

The Morning Post

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THE DANGER OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

BY S. WASSHIO, PH.D.

THE Great War has been declared to be a war for democracy. But where are we going to look for the pattern of the ideal? Is it in making in the crucible of this terrible conflict? Or was it merely a propaganda the significance of which consisted only in the negation and condemnation of German militarism? Or is there a monument that though rough hewn yet surely points the way toward the ideal? The eyes of the world are naturally turned on the American democracy. Can it stand the test of a closer scrutiny?

Perhaps the Americans themselves know better than foreigners the faults and danger of American democracy. Before the war its most conspicuous feature, especially to the eyes of foreign critics, was its looseness, its lack of organization. Its colossal scale and wasteful profusion impressed them; but they turned away from it with a shrug, saying in their hearts that such a thing will never do for less resourceful and harder pressed countries like their own. This fault has since been remedied with a remarkable efficiency, thanks to the pressure of the war. To-day, the danger seems to lie rather in the opposite direction. While America, self-conscious of the power and influence born of her efforts in the war, is honestly convinced that she stands for democracy, it may be asked, without the least intention of discourtesy, if the world is not already beginning to be apprehensive of her growing self-assertiveness.

Being a Japanese, I confine myself to the Japanese observations. There is no denying the fact that a majority of the Japanese were, during the war, influenced by President Wilson's high principles and sincerely believed in him. It was to them self-evident that the American cause was the cause of democracy. The simplicity of their belief was beautiful and the naivete of it was touching. In the fortieth session of the Japanese Diet, Mr. Ozaki gave dramatic utterance to this sentiment when he said, 'We are fighting by the side of the Allies. Is democracy then our cause?' He was attacking the ministry which the Japanese public opinion then held as undemocratic, and the sensation of his utterance sprang from the violent antithesis he made by juxtaposing the undemocratic government and the democratic war. I believe he represented the sentiment of a majority, though he was afterward bitterly criticized by a more intelligent and observant circle and I myself was one of those who tried to expose the artificiality of the antithesis. Nevertheless, this instance was a dramatic revelation of the fact that the Japanese on the whole believed in American democracy with a simple and confiding sentiment, almost with the naivete of children.

But does this sentiment stand the test of closer examination? Does the experience of those Japanese who are placed in actual contact with the American interests in diplomatic and business affairs bear out this general impression? I am afraid if the consensus of opinion of these men of realistic type be taken, it may be found that they entertain a sentiment that is

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the exact opposite of what the American propaganda for democracy is meant to create. A Japanese farmer who recently returned from America made a remark that made me laugh. He was educated in an American University before he became a farmer. He had been in contact with American laborers and merchants for three years in connection with his business and had been unsuccessful with them until he learned, he said, how to use swear words. Swearing was the only thing, he observed, that made them behave, and swearing was in their turn the only diplomacy they relied on. A conspicuous instance of this spirit is seen in the attitude of the Anglo-American press in China toward the Japanese. The moment the tide of the battle in Europe turned in favor of the Allies, that press began in chorus its anti-Japanese agitation. The self-assertiveness and the blatant discourtesy of it was more ridiculous than alarming. The impression prevailed with us that this was just what we had been expecting but it came rather too soon and too tactlessly.

Those who have been in China, whether Americans or Japanese, would have asked, if they were sincere, what spirit of Anglo-Saxon democracy is represented there. To take one of the most irritating cases, you go along the Yangtze and see that the best portions of it are appropiated by the English, and sometimes you see a placard on which you read 'Chinese forbidden to enter.' China is a scene of international rivalry and human nature is there seen in its worst phases, but one's sense of justice is stung to the quick by the exclusion of Asiatics in their own home. Can we be blamed if we ask what the democracy is that tolerates a reality like this?

We may dismiss all this as trivial but there is no disguising the truth that the same question, the same anxiety and apprehension, is present in the sphere of higher diplomacy also whenever diplomacy has to deal with reality. Mr. Stevens, an expert American railroad engineer, who was looking after the Siberian railways, was claimed by the American propaganda as an employee of the Russian Government. He was under the Kerensky régime. But long after the fall of that régime the claim was kept up, and we have never been certain by whose authority he was commissioned to keep up this work. At that time there was circulated news to the effect that Mr. Stevens, being an employee of the Russian interest, was welcomed by the Russians as the proper man to take the control of the Siberian railways. The mystery of all this we utterly failed to comprehend.

In the first place, we were not sure if there existed anywhere in the world the Russian authorities who could justly be said to be the employer of Mr. Stevens, and in the second place, supposing that there were somewhere such authorities, what contract could there be that puts the control of such a gigantic institution as the Siberian railways in the hands of an employee? When an obvious obscurity like this was passed unchallenged and unexplained you may imagine that the Japanese probably kept reticent because they thought that the American motive was only too plain to call it into question. I mean, however, to pass no judgment. The whole situation might have been as I saw it and I may be utterly wrong. But the point is that the suspicion exists, whether rightly or wrongly, and suspicion of this kind tends to undermine our faith in the American democracy and her professed high principles. It is important that the American people should know it.

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Another instance may be mentioned, the justice of which is plain to unbiased critics. When the question of military intervention in Siberia was discussed, America was first to suggest the idea of international control, but she said nothing of internationalizing her proposed economic assistance to the Russians. She seemed to have her heart set on international military action and independent economic undertakings. We were told that America had no suspicion of the motive of Japan but that it might antagonize the Russians. It was strange that in this contention of America no account was taken of the Bolshevist agitation against Anglo-American capitalism. All through the discussion of the Siberian question America seemed to take it for granted that of all the Powers concerned she alone was beyond suspicion; that her proposed economic undertaking could never be construed by Russians or other people as that particular kind of aggrandizement that is characteristic of a capitalistic country. Her self-complacency was too difficult to understand, even by those of us who were inclined to believe whole-heartedly in the American democracy.

As a matter of fact America could not prevent Japan from taking her part in the economic restoration of Siberia. It would have conduced to the friendly relations of the two countries if America had taken Japan into her confidence from the very beginning, or had announced her economic plan in the same unequivocal language with which she guarded against the possible misuse of military power. This can be said not only in connection with the Siberian question, but concerning the whole issue of this war, which may threaten to throw the whole world into another kind of war.

The Japanese were not slow to realize that the fundamental issue involved in the great war was an economic one, and they still watch the further development of this issue with palpitating hearts, feeling that their own interests are most vitally concerned with its fate. We have borne patiently all the privations resulting from the trade restrictions of the Allies. We have been resigned to the exigencies of the war as we were told to, trusting to the good will of our rich western Allies. We are anxious to see that we have thus to depend on mere good will, and we trusted to some sort of international guaranty in future. We feel that this is one of the tests of the American democracy and yet we are puzzled to see that no definite guaranty on this vital question has been attempted even by the League of Nations.

The democracy the world is looking for is not only the political but economic and it must hold good not only in domestic affairs but internationally toward other peoples. A nation may enjoy a perfect democracy at home and yet exercise a tyrannical influence on other nations. Democracy in internal administration and imperialism in foreign policy are not necessarily contradictory terms. But it is not for this kind of democracy that smaller nations look up to America for guidance. We are, indeed, looking for the democracy that will make the world safe for it. But are we sure that the American democracy as it actually works is such an international guaranty? What guaranty is there in its present system and the character of the people who support it? We have been familiar with the America of trust and monopoly, of big business and its unscrupulous methods. We read that even the war-time America has not altogether been free from its tyranny. Big business and its aggressiveness,

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we think, are the most conspicuous reflection of the American character. May not the nation that exhibits such aggressive spirit at home show it also in foreign fields?

The American people will perhaps no longer be subjected to the tyranny of big business. Public opinion will no longer tolerate it and there is enough democracy to counteract its influence. But there is yet no indication in the character of the American democracy that it will condemn the practices of big business when exercised in foreign fields against the interest of foreign peoples. The American people, who will not tolerate it at home, may be glad to share its spoil when it comes from abroad.

To be frank, Japan has a special interest to guard against this tendency of America in China and in Siberia also. We have lately been greatly worried about frenzied talks of American enterprises in the Far East disseminated by American business men and journalists, who flit by us like birds of prey and talk about the Far East as if it were their happy hunting ground. We think that American trade and the American money are very important for the development of the East and are only too glad to welcome them if they come in a legitimate and moderate way, seeking the natural channel of supply and demand and the line of investment that has for its object nothing but a normal rate of interest. But we are almost daily confronted with reports that reveal to us that the American capital is bent on acquiring monopolistic interests and special concessions. For instance, we fail to see any justification for the American efforts to get the control of railways in Siberia or China.

If the attitude of these American business men and journalists in the Far East represented American public opinion and the policy of the Washington Government we could not have lived a single day in peace, but we know that there prevails a saner and broader view at home and if the people realized fully the situation in the East they would have considered twice before they approved such frenzied activities of their fellow men in the East. The danger is that the general American public is ignorant of the situation and the American policy may unwittingly commit itself to the influence of the particular interests concerned.

American policy in the Far East is the test of American democracy. If the principle of free trade be upheld and all forms of capitalistic usurpation be condemned, it will lead to the true autonomy of China and the slow but sure economic independence of Siberia. It will guarantee the peace of the Orient on democratic principles. But, if it lends itself to the ambition of the particular business interests concerned, it may become the most aggressive and pernicious form of imperialism the world has ever seen. It will then be the menace of the world and eventually condemned by all nations that aspire for economic freedom. We may then be compelled to look for the ideal pattern of democracy elsewhere.

The Japan Advertiser

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GREAT BRITAIN'S AFTER-WAR NAVY

BY ARTHUR H. POLLEN

THE last naval estimates before the war amounted to £53,500,000; the first after the war to £149,000,000. No one, of course, supposed for an instant that this indicated the proposed scale of Great Britain's peace establishment for her sea forces. But, unfortunately, no official statement has been made to indicate how much is due to war commitments, how much a permanent charge. We do not know the government's estimate either of the scale of naval force, or of the sort of naval force this country will need in the future. But our expenditure must be got down to the lowest possible point compatible with safety. Is it possible to analyze the present strategic position and so to form some judgment of the naval strength we shall need? Is it further possible, in view of our experience of war, to indicate the kind of naval force that will be necessary? Can we guess what our minimum expenditure should be?

The first difficulty in answering these questions is that we have not at the present moment any authentic means of estimating the future naval strength of other countries. When the late Mr. W. T. Stead and Lord Fisher joined forces in the early 'eighties to din 'the truth about the navy' into the heads of the British public, they aimed at a fleet strength superior to the combined naval forces of any other two Powers. But in no real sense did we adopt one. In the years just before the war we were virtually building against Germany alone. And had the declaration of war been delayed until the autumn of 1915 our superiority would have been considerable. As things happened, however, in August 1914, the margin was insufficient. Had the Turkish battleship building in England been delivered in July, and some excuse found for bringing the Austrian battleships to Kiel, the Grand Fleet's margin of superiority would have been small indeed. And our naval strength outside of battleships was, as we all know now, woefully inadequate.

The war taught us one or two lessons we must neither forget nor misapply. Every sciolist has it by heart now that we underestimated the value both of small craft and of under-water craft. Let us see to it that we do not swing to the opposite extreme, and forget that battleships always have been, and must always remain, the chief constituents of sea power. The other lesson is that the fleets of your allies may prove far more formidable on paper than on the ocean. The battleship strength of France, Italy, and Russia was almost useless to us, and the American battle squadron joined us only after the German battleship strength had been destroyed by demoralization.

If, then, we seek a formula from the past for framing our naval policy of the future, we should begin by tabulating the naval strength of all our possible enemies; we should allow a decent discount for the difficulties that stand in the way of their effective combination in war, and then we should propound our programme. But

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this lands us in an immediate difficulty, for our late enemies have no naval strength at all. Our old feeling about ignoring the United States as a possible opponent not only remains, but is far stronger than it was. And it is to all of us quite inconceivable that, even without a League of Nations, Great Britain, France, and Italy should ever go to war among themselves. In short, if we apply the circumstances of the present to the principles on which we have been brought up, we are led to the disconcerting conclusion that there is a real difficulty in establishing a case for keeping up any navy at all. This, of course, is because these principles only stated part of the case; and it does not complete it to say that there are certain police duties which must be performed at sea, for there is really no reason why the American Navy should not discharge these functions just as efficiently as our own.

The justification of our maintaining the navy is really quite different, and is based upon the fact that whether we look upon ourselves only as an island commonwealth, or as parts of a scattered empire, the security of our sea communications is just — no more and no less than — a first condition of our national life. This security can, of course, never be made quite certain. No one who lived through the year 1917 can be under any illusion on this point. But such certainty as can be obtained follows from the possession, and the right use, of adequate naval forces. And such certainty can follow from nothing else. It sounds like a paradox, but it is just the plain truth, to say, therefore, that if every other country in the world gave up sea force altogether, it would still be impossible for Great Britain to follow their example.

We must, then, have a navy strong enough to secure the nation's and the Empire's sea communications. If they were threatened from no quarter at all, the necessary strength of that navy might well be very small. Are they threatened now? All men would agree in eliminating the United States as a source of naval danger. For the rest it is invidious to particularize. But it is self-evident that the strength of other navies must still afford a measure of the strength of ours. Looked at in this way it is, in a sense, for the United States, Japan, France, and Italy to set the pace. They know as well as we do that British dependence on sea supplies differs from any of theirs, not in degree but in kind. If, for instance, the United States were cut off from the ocean altogether in war, their loss might be considerable. But the fact, by itself, would not imply national surrender as an alternative to national extinction. But that Great Britain could not survive a month of effective blockade is a commonplace so obvious that it is never insisted on. I suggest, then, that the first step toward persuading the allied and associated nations to set a gentle pace in naval armaments, might well be the diligent propagating of this platitudinous but quite fundamental truth.

Yet not perhaps the first step. This surely should be a clear enunciation by the government that the elimination of the German and Austrian navies has already effected an immediate and drastic change in British naval policy. It will still be the policy of a supreme fleet, but we ought to say just how small a fleet we regard as necessary for supremacy. The public statements are either hopelessly vague or dangerously misleading. For instance, the navy estimates for 1914–1915 — when we had four battleships, one battle cruiser, nine light cruisers,

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30 destroyers, and 20 submarines passing into commission, and a far larger programme than this under construction — provided £26,000,000 for shipbuilding, repairs, etc., and £5,700,000 for armaments. In this year's estimates this £31,000,000 has grown to £86,000,000! Now, why should not the government tell the world precisely how much of this is for the completion of contracts made during the war, how much of it is allocated for new construction, how much for the repairs and maintenance of the ships which it is proposed to keep in commission? Why should it not be possible to say frankly what our programme is?

What is it that stands in the way of this being done? It is no doubt an exceedingly difficult thing to do. The personnel of the fleet has expanded from 151,000 to 280,000. We have doubled our battleship strength in the last five years, and as for cruiser and destroyer strength, the growth is enormous. We have about 80 more captains, more than 200 more commanders, 60 more lieutenant commanders, over 400 more lieutenants on the active list to-day than there were in August, 1914. The temptation to commission ships because we have them there, and to employ officers and men because they are available, is undoubtedly great.

It is similarly difficult to cut the loss on ships begun but not finished; to forgo repairing ships which will not be needed when they are repaired. Similarly, it is going to be a disagreeable job cutting down the Whitehall staff, the expense of which is nearly a million a year more than it was in pre-war days. The Admiralty, left to itself, will find the best of reasons for keeping things going on the greatest possible scale. To the onlooker it looks as if there never was a moment when the hand of the strong man was more needed, nor yet a moment when the strong man's hand was so little visible. It is all very deplorable, because, unless the Admiralty cuts its own expenses down they will be cut down from outside, and probably unintelligently. What we need at Whitehall is such a combination of knowledge, of statesmanship, and of technical authority as will convince both this country and foreign countries that we have cut our expenditure as low as it can go, and withal convince the navy that the essentials of naval strength have been maintained.

And this really brings us back to the position that followed on the armistice. At that time no person of sense doubted that there was only one man in the navy who was capable of guiding it from war to peace, while preserving in their integrity all the lessons of war. It was then notorious that the immediate succession of the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet to the post of First Sea Lord of the Admiralty was the policy of the War Cabinet, and was the policy adopted, not only with the consent, but by the advice of those at Whitehall whose business it was to represent such matters to the government. It was also notorious how the execution of that policy came first to be postponed, and now, seemingly, to be abandoned. The point is that it cannot safely be abandoned now.

If naval expenditure and, consequently, the navy, is to be drastically cut down, then the character of the force and of the organization that is to survive must be determined by the best and most authoritative naval guidance at the country's disposal. Had the new naval earl gone to Whitehall four months ago, when he ought to have gone, we should by now have had a programme of retrenchment that would

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have satisfied the two conditions of economy and the national confidence in naval safety. Without the authority of his name it is, I think, useless to expect the economists to be reconciled to essential expenditure, or their opponents to acquiesce in the pruning of our fleets.

And, what is more important than either, unless we bring the widest fighting experience to bear upon our naval policy, we may easily drift back again into making material the test of naval strength instead of the knowledge and spirit necessary for using it right. Never in our history was there less immediate need for a navy strong in ships and weapons, never a greater need for the practical enthronement of courage, wisdom, and scientific thought in control of our naval policy.

The Sunday Times

GEORGE ELIOT AGAIN

BY EDMUND GOSSE

In and after 1876, when I was in the habit of walking from the northwest of London toward Whitehall, I met several times, driven slowly homeward, a victoria which contained a strange pair in whose appearance I took a violent interest. The man, prematurely aging, was hirsute, rugged, satyr-like, gazing vivaciously to left and right; this was George Henry Lewes. His companion was a large, thick-set sybil, dreamy and immobile, whose massive features, somewhat grim when seen in profile, were incongruously bordered by a hat, always in the height of the Paris fashion, which in those days commonly included an immense ostrich feather; this was George Eliot. The contrast between the solemnity of the face and the frivolity of the headgear had something pathetic and provincial about it.

All this I mention, for what trifling value it may have, as a purely external impression, since I never had the honor of speaking to the lady or to Lewes. We had, my wife and I, common friends in the gifted family of Simcox — Edith Simcox (who wrote ingeniously and learnedly under the pen name of H. Lawrenny) being an intimate in the household at the Priory. Thither, indeed, I was vaguely invited, by word of mouth, to make my appearance one Sunday, George Eliot having read some pages of mine with indulgence. But I was shy, and yet should probably have obeyed the summons but for an event which nobody foresaw. On the 18th of December, 1880, I was present at a concert given, I think, in the Langham Hall, where I sat just behind Mrs. Cross, as she had then become. It was chilly in the concert room, and I watched George Eliot, in manifest discomfort, drawing up and tightening round her shoulders a white wool shawl. Four days later she was dead, and I was sorry that I had never made my bow to her.

Her death caused a great sensation,

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for she had ruled the wide and flourishing province of English prose fiction for ten years, since the death of Dickens. Though she had a vast company of competitors, she did not suffer through that period from the rivalry of one writer of her own class. If the Brontés had lived, or Mrs. Gaskell, the case might have been different, for George Eliot had neither the passion of *Jane Eyre* nor the perfection of *Cranford*, but they were gone before we lost Dickens, and so was Thackeray, who died while *Romola* was appearing. Charles Kingsley, whose *Westward Ho!* had just preceded her first appearance, had unluckily turned into other and less congenial paths. Charles Reade, whose *It Is Never Too Late to Mend* (1856) had been her harbinger, scarcely maintained his position as her rival. Anthony Trollope, excellent craftsman as he was, remained persistently and sensibly at a lower intellectual level. Hence the field was free for George Eliot, who, without haste or hesitation, built up slowly such a reputation as no one in her own time could approach.

The gay world, which forgets everything, has forgotten what a solemn, what a portentous thing was the contemporary fame of George Eliot. It was supported by the serious thinkers of the day, by the people who despised mere novels, but regarded her writings as contributions to philosophical literature. On the solitary occasion when I sat in company with Herbert Spencer on the committee of the London Library he expressed a strong objection to the purchase of fiction, and wished that for the London Library no novels should be bought, 'except, of course, those of George Eliot.'

While she lived, critics compared her with Goethe, but to the disadvantage of the sage of Weimar. People who started controversies about 'evolutionism'— a favorite Victorian pastime — bowed low at the mention of her name, and her own sound good sense alone prevented her from being made the object of a sort of priggish idolatry. A big-wig of that day remarked that 'in problems of life and thought which baffled Shakespeare her touch was unfailing.' For Lord Acton at her death 'the sun had gone out,' and that exceedingly dogmatic historian observed, *ex cathedrâ*, that no writer had 'ever lived who had anything like her power of manifold but disinterested and impartial sympathy. If Sophocles or Cervantes had lived in the light of our culture, if Dante had prospered like Manzoni, George Eliot might have had a rival.' It is very dangerous to write like that. A reaction is sure to follow, and in the case of this novelist, so modest and strenuous herself, but so ridiculously overpraised by her friends, it came with remarkable celerity.

The worship of an intellectual circle of admirers, reverberating upon a dazzled and genuinely interested public, was not, however, even in its palmiest days, quite unanimous. There were other strains of thought and feeling making way, and other prophets were abroad. Robert Browning, though an optimist, and too polite a man to oppose George Eliot publicly, was impatient of her oracular manner. There was a struggle, not much perceived on the surface of the reviews, between her faithful worshipers and the new school of writers vaguely called pre-Raphaelite.

She loved Matthew Arnold's poetry, and in that, as in so much else, she was wiser and more clairvoyant than most of the people who surrounded her, but Arnold presented an attitude of reserve with regard to her later novels. She found nothing to praise or to attract her interest in the books of George Meredith; on the other hand,

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Coventry Patmore, with his customary amusing violence, voted her novels 'sensational and improper.' To D. G. Rossetti they were 'vulgarity personified,' and his brother defined them as 'commonplace tempering the stuck-up.' Swinburne repudiated *Romola* with vigor as 'absolutely false.' I dare say that from several of these, her great contemporaries, estimates of her work less harsh than these might be culled, but I quote these to show that even at the height of her fame she was not quite unchallenged.

She was herself, it is impossible to deny, responsible for a good deal of the tarnish which spread over the gold of her reputation. Her early imaginative writings — in particular *Janet's Repentance*, *Adam Bede*, the first two thirds of *The Mill on the Floss*, and much of *Silas Marner* — had a freshness, a bright vitality, which, if she could have kept it burnished, would have preserved her from all effects of contemporary want of sympathy. When we analyze the charm of the stories just mentioned, we find that it consists very largely in their felicity of expressed reminiscence. There is little evidence in them of the inventive faculty, but a great deal of the reproductive. Now, we have to remember that contemporaries are quite in the dark as to matters about which, after the publication of memoirs and correspondence and recollections, later readers are exactly informed. We may now know that Sir Christopher Cheverel closely reproduces the features of a real Sir Roger Newdigate, and that Dinah Morris is Mrs. Samuel Evans photographed, but readers of 1860 did not know that, and were at liberty to conceive the unknown magician in the act of calling up a noble English gentleman and a saintly Methodist preacher from the depths of her inner consciousness. Whether this was so or not would not matter to anyone, if George Eliot could have continued the act of pictorial reproduction without flagging. The world would have long gazed with pleasure into the *camera obscura* of Warwickshire, as she reeled off one dark picture after another, but unhappily she was not contented with her success, and she aimed at things beyond her reach.

Her failure, which was, after all (let us not exaggerate), the partial and accidental failure of a great genius, began when she turned from passive acts of memory to a strenuous exercise of intellect. If we had time and space, it would be very interesting to study George Eliot's attitude toward that mighty woman, the full-bosomed caryatid of romantic literature, who had by a few years preceded her. When George Eliot was at the outset of her own literary career, which as we know was much belated, George Sand had already bewitched and thrilled and scandalized Europe for a generation. The impact of the Frenchwoman's mind on that of her English contemporary produced sparks or flashes of starry enthusiasm. George Eliot, in 1848, was 'vowing before George Sand in eternal gratitude to that great power of God manifested in her,' and her praise of the French peasant idyls was unbounded. But when she herself began to write novels she grew to be less and less in sympathy with the French romantic school. A French critic of her own day laid down the axiom that 'il faut bien que le roman se rapproche de la poésie ou de la science.' George Sand had thrown herself unreservedly into the poetic camp. She acknowledged 'mon instinct m'eût poussée vers les abîmes,' and she confessed, with that stalwart good sense which carried her genius over so many marshy places, that her temperament had often driven her, 'au mépris de la raison ou de la

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vérité morale,' into pure romantic extravagance.

But George Eliot, whatever may have been her preliminary enthusiasms, was radically and permanently anti-romantic. This was the source of her strength and of her weakness; this, carefully examined, explains the soaring and the sinking of her fame. Unlike George Sand, she kept to the facts; she found that all her power quitted her at once if she dealt with imaginary events and the clash of ideal passions. She had been drawn in her youth to sincere admiration of the Indianas and Lelias of her florid French contemporary, and we become aware that in the humdrum years at Coventry, when the surroundings of her own life were arduous and dusty, she felt a longing to spread her wings and fly up and out to some dim Cloud-Cuckoo Land the confines of which were utterly vague to her. The romantic method of Dumas, for instance, and even of Walter Scott, appealed to her as a mode of escaping to dreamland from the flatness and vulgarity of life under the 'miserable reign of Mammon.' But she could not achieve such flights; her literary character was of a totally different formation.

What was fabulous, what was artificial, did not so much strike her with disgust as render her paralyzed. Her only escape from mediocrity, she found, was to give a philosophical interest to common themes. In consequence, as she advanced in life, and came more under the influence of George Henry Lewes, she became less and less well disposed toward the French fiction of her day, rejecting even Balzac, to whom she seems, strangely enough, to have preferred Lessing. That Lessing and Balzac should be names pronounced in relation itself throws a light on the temper of the speaker.

Most novelists seem to have begun to tell stories almost as early as musicians begin to trifle with the piano. The child keeps other children awake, after nurse has gone about her business, by reeling off inventions in the dark. But George Eliot showed, so far as records inform us, no such aptitude in infancy or even in early youth. The history of her start as a novel writer is worthy of study. It appears that it was not until the autumn of 1856 that she, 'in a dreamy mood,' fancied herself writing a story. This was, I gather, immediately on her return from Germany, where she had been touring about with Lewes, with whom she had now been living for two years. Lewes said to her, 'You have wit, description, and philosophy—those go a good way toward the production of a novel,' and he encouraged her to write about the virtues and vices of the clergy, as she had observed them at Griff and at Coventry. *Amos Barton* was the immediate result, and the stately line of stories which was to close in *Daniel Deronda* twenty years later was started on its brilliant career.

But what of the author? She was a storm-tried matron of thirty-seven, who had sub-edited the *Westminster Review*, who had spent years in translating Strauss's *Life of Jesus* and had sunk exhausted in a still more strenuous wrestling with the *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus* of Spinoza, who had worked with Delarive at Experimental Physics in Geneva, and who had censured, as superficial, John Stuart Mill's treatment of Whewell's *Moral Philosophy*. This heavily-built Miss Marian Evans, now dubiously known as Mrs. Lewes, whose features at that time are familiar to us by the admirable paintings and drawings of Sir Frederick Burton, was in training to be a social reformer, a moral philosopher, an apostle of the creed of Christendom,

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an anti-theological professor, anything in the world rather than a writer of idle tales.

But the tales proved to be a hundredfold more attractive to the general public than articles upon taxation or translations from German skeptics. We all must allow that at last, however tardily and surprisingly, George Eliot had discovered her true vocation. Let us consider in what capacity she entered this field of fiction. She entered it as an observer of life more diligent and more meticulous perhaps than any other living person. She entered it also with a store of emotional experience and with a richness of moral sensibility which were almost as unique. She had strong ethical prejudices, and a wealth of recollected examples by which she could justify them. Her memory was accurate, minute, and well-arranged, and she had always enjoyed retrospection and encouraged herself in the cultivation of it. She was very sympathetic, very tolerant, and although she had lived in the very Temple of Priggishness with her Brays and her Hennells and her Sibrees, she remained singularly simple and unaffected.

Rather sad, one pictures her in 1856, rather dreamy, burdened with an excess of purely intellectual preoccupation, wandering over Europe consumed by a constant, but unconfessed, nostalgia for her own country, coming back to it with a sense that the Avon was lovelier than the Arno. Suddenly, in that 'dreamy mood,' there comes over her a desire to build up again the homes of her childhood, to forget all about Rousseau and experimental physics, and to reconstruct the 'dear old quaintnesses' of the Arbury of twenty-five years before.

If we wish to see what it was which this mature philosopher and earnest critic of behavior had to produce for the surprise of her readers, we may examine the description of the farm at Donnithorne in *Adam Bede*. The solemn lady, who might seem such a terror to ill-doers, had yet a packet of the most delicious fondants in the pocket of her bombazine gown. The names of these sweetmeats, which were of a flavor and a texture delicious to the tongue, might be Mrs. Poyser or Lizzie Jerome or the sisters Dodson, but they all came from the Warwickshire factory at Griff, and they were all manufactured with the sugar and spice of memory. So long as George Eliot lived in the past, and extracted her honey from those wonderful cottage gardens which fill her early pages with their color and their odor, the solidity and weight of her intellectual methods in other fields did not interfere, or interfered in a negligible way, with the power and intensity of the entertainment she offered. We could wish for nothing better. English literature has, of their own class, nothing better to offer than certain chapters of *Adam Bede* or than the beginning of *The Mill on the Floss*.

But, from the first, if we now examine coldly and inquisitively, there was a moth sleeping in George Eliot's rich attire. This moth was pedantry, the result, doubtless, of too much erudition encouraging a natural tendency in her mind, which as we have seen was acquisitive rather than inventive. It was unfortunate for her genius that after her early enthusiasm for French culture she turned to Germany and became, in measure, like so many powerful minds of her generation, Teutonized. This fostered the very tendencies which it was desirable to eradicate. One can but speculate what would have been the result on her genius of a little more Paris and a little less Berlin. Her most successful immediate rival in France was Octave

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Feuillet; the *Scenes of Clerical Life* answer in time to *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*, and *Monsieur de Camors* to *Felix Holt*. There could not be a stronger or more instructive contrast than between the elegant fairyland of the one and the robust realism of the other. But our admirable pastoral writer, whose inward eye was stored with the harmonies and humors of Shakespeare's country, was not content with her mastery of the past. She looked forward to a literature of the future. She trusted to her brain rather than to those tired servants, her senses, and more and more her soul was invaded by the ambition to invent a new thing, the scientific novel, dealing with the growth of institutions and the analysis of individual character.

The critics of her own time were satisfied that she had done this, and that she had founded the psychological novel. There was much to be said in favor of such an opinion. In the later books it is an undeniable fact that George Eliot displays a certain sense of the inevitable progress of life which was new. It may seem paradoxical to see the peculiar characteristics of Zola or of Mr. George Moore in *Middlemarch*, but there is much to be said for the view that George Eliot was the direct forerunner of those naturalistic novelists. Like them, she sees life as an organism, or even as a progress. George Eliot in her contemplation of the human beings she invents is a traveler, who is provided with a map. No Norman church or ivied ruin takes her by surprise, because she has seen that it was bound to come, and recognizes it when it does come. Death, the final railway station, is ever in her mind; she sees it on her map, and gathers her property around her to be ready when the train shall stop. This psychological clairvoyance gives her a great power when she does not abuse it, but, unfortunately, from the very first there was in her a tendency, partly consequent on her mental training, but also not a little on her natural constitution, to dwell in a hard and pedagogic manner on it. She was not content to please, she must explain and teach as well.

Her comparative failure to please made its definite appearance first in the labored and overcharged romance of *Romola*. But a careful reader will detect it in her earliest writings. Quite early in *Amos Barton*, for instance, when Mrs. Hackit observes of the local colliers that they 'passed their time in doing nothing but swilling ale and smoking, like the beasts that perish,' the author immediately spoils this delightful remark by explaining, like a schoolmaster, that Mrs. Hackit was 'speaking, we may presume, in a remotely analogical sense.' The laughter dies upon our lips. Useless pedantry of this kind spoils many a happy touch of humor, Mrs. Poyser alone perhaps having wholly escaped from it. It would be entirely unjust to accuse George Eliot, at all events until near the end of her life, of intellectual pride. She was, on the contrary, of a very humble spirit, timorous and susceptible of discouragement. But her humility made her work all the harder at her task of subtle philosophical analysis. It would have been far better for her if she had possessed less of the tenacity of Herbert Spencer and more of the recklessness of George Sand.

An amusing but painful example of her Sisyphus temper, always rolling the stone uphill with groans and sweat, is to be found in her own account of the way she 'crammed up' for the composition of *Romola*. She tells us of the wasting toil with which she worked up innumerable facts about Florence,

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and in particular how she labored long over the terrible question whether Easter could have been 'retarded' in the year 1492. On this, Sir Leslie Stephen — one of her best critics, and one of the most indulgent — aptly queries, 'What would have become of *Ivanhoe* if Scott had bothered himself about the possible retardation of Easter? The answer, indeed, is obvious, that *Ivanhoe* would not have been written.'

The effect of all this on George Eliot's achievement was what must always occur when an intellect which is purely acquisitive and distributive insists on doing work that is appropriate only to imagination. If we read very carefully the scene preceding Savonarola's sermon to the Dominicans at San Marco, we perceive that it is built up almost in Flaubert's manner, but without Flaubert's magic, touch by touch, out of books. The author does not see what she describes in a sort of luminous hallucination, but she dresses up in language of her own what she has carefully read in Burlamacchi or in Villari. The most conscientious labor, expended by the most powerful brain, is incapable of producing an illusion of life by these means. George Eliot may even possibly have been conscious of this, for she speaks again and again, not of writing with ecstasy of tears and laughter, as Dickens did, but of falling into 'a state of so much wretchedness in attempting to concentrate my thoughts on the construction of my novel' that nothing but a tremendous and sustained effort of the will carried her on at all.

In this vain and terrible wrestling with incongruous elements she wore out her strength and her joy, and it is heart-rending to watch so noble a genius and so lofty a character as hers wasted in the whirlpool. One fears that a sense of obscure failure added to her tortures, and one is tempted to see a touch of autobiography in the melancholy of Mrs. Transome (in *Felix Holt*), of whom we are told that 'her knowledge and accomplishments had become as valueless as old-fashioned stucco ornaments, of which the substance was never worth anything, while the form is no longer to the taste of any living mortal.'

The notion that George Eliot was herself, in spite of all the laudation showered upon her, consciously in want of some element essential for her success is supported by the very curious fact that from 1864 to 1869, that is to say, through nearly one quarter of her whole literary career, she devoted herself entirely to various experiments in verse. She was so preternaturally intelligent that there is nothing unlikely in the supposition that she realized what was her chief want as a writer of imaginative prose. She claims, and she will always be justified in claiming, a place in the splendid roll of prominent English writers. But she holds it in spite of a certain drawback which forbids her from ever appearing in the front rank as a great writer. Her prose has fine qualities of force and wit, it is pictorial and persuasive, but it misses one prime but rather subtle merit, it never sings. The masters of the finest English are those who have received the admonition *Cantate Domino!* They sing a new song unto the Lord. Among George Eliot's prose contemporaries there were several who obeyed this command.

Ruskin, for instance, above all the Victorian prose writers, shouts like the morning star. It is the peculiar gift of all great prosaists. Take so rough an executant as Hazlitt: 'Harmer Hill stooped with all its pines, to listen to a poet, as he passed!' That is the chanting faculty in prose, which all the

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greatest men possess; but George Eliot has no trace of it, except sometimes, faintly, in the sheer fun of her peasants' conversation. I do not question that she felt the lack herself, and that it was this which, subconsciously, led her to make a profound study of the art of verse.

She hoped, at the age of forty-four, to hammer herself into poetry by dint of sheer labor and will power. She read the great masters, and she analyzed them in the light of prosodical manuals. In 1871 she told Tennyson that Professor Sylvester's 'laws for verse-making had been useful to her.' Tennyson replied, 'I can't understand that,' and no wonder. Sylvester was a facetious mathematician who undertook to teach the art of poetry in so many lessons. George Eliot humbly working away at Sylvester, and telling Tennyson that she was finding him 'useful,' and Tennyson, whose melodies pursued him, like bees in pursuit of a bee-master, expressing a gruff good-natured skepticism — what a picture it raises!

But George Eliot persisted, with that astounding firmness of application which she had, and she produced quite a large body of various verse. She wrote a Comtist tragedy, *The Spanish Gypsy*, of which I must speak softly, since, omnivorous as I am, I have never been able to swallow it. But she wrote many other things, epics and sonnets and dialogues and the rest of them, which are not so hard to read. She actually printed privately for her friends two little garlands, *Agatha* (1868) and *Brother and Sister* (1869) which are the only 'rare issues' of hers sought after by collectors, for she was not given to bibliographical curiosity. These verses and many others she polished and re-wrote with untiring assiduity, and in 1874 she published a substantial volume of them. I have been reading them over again, in the intense wish to be pleased with them, but it is impossible — the root of the matter is not in them. There is an *Arion*, which is stately in the manner of Marvell. The end of this lyric is tense and decisive, but there is the radical absence of song. In the long piece called *A College Breakfast Party*, which she wrote in 1874, almost all Tennyson's faults are reconstructed on the plan of the Chinese tailor who carefully imitates the rents in the English coat he is to copy. There is a Goethe-like poem, of a gnomic order, called *Self and Life*, stuffed with valuable thoughts as a turkey is stuffed with chestnuts.

And it is all so earnest and so intellectual, and it does so much credit to Sylvester. After long consideration, I have come to the conclusion that the following sonnet, from *Brother and Sister*, is the best piece of sustained poetry that George Eliot achieved. It deals with the pathetic and beautiful relations which existed between her and her elder brother Isaac, the Tom Tulliver of *The Mill on the Floss:*

His sorrow was my sorrow, and his joy
Sent little leaps and laughs through all my frame;
My doll seemed lifeless, and no girlish toy
Had any reason when my brother came.
I knelt with him at marbles, marked his fling
Cut the ringed stem and make the apple drop,
Or watched him winding close the spiral string
That looped the orbits of the humming-top.
Grasped by such fellowship my vagrant thought
Ceased with dream-fruit dream-wishes to fulfill;
Myaëry-picturing fantasy was taught
Subjection to the harder, truer skill
That seeks with deeds to grave a thought-tracked line,
And by 'What is' 'What will be' to define.

How near this is to true poetry, and yet how many miles away!

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At last George Eliot seems to have felt that she could never hope, with all her intellect, to catch the unconsidered music which God lavishes on the idle linnet and the frivolous chaffinch. She returned to her own strenuous business of building up the psychological novel. She wrote *Middlemarch*, which appeared periodically throughout 1872 and as a book early the following year. It was received with great enthusiasm, as marking the return of a popular favorite who had been absent for several years. *Middlemarch* is the history of three parallel lives of women, who 'with dim lights and tangled circumstances tried to shape their thought and deed in noble agreement,' although 'to common eyes their struggles seemed mere inconsistency and formlessness.' The three ineffectual St. Theresas, as their creator conceived them, were Dorothea, Rosamond, and Mary, and they 'shaped the thought and deed' of Casaubon and Ladislaw and Fred Vincy. *Middlemarch* is constructed with unfaltering power, and the picture of commonplace English country life which it gives is vivacious after a mechanical fashion, but all the charm of the early stories has evaporated, and has left behind it merely a residuum of unimaginative satire. The novel is a very remarkable instance of elaborate mental resources misapplied, and genius revolving, with tremendous machinery, like some great water wheel, while no water is flowing underneath it.

When a realist loses hold on reality all is lost, and I for one can find not a word to say in favor of *Daniel Deronda*, her next and last novel, which came out, with popularity at first more wonderful than ever, in 1876. But her inner circle of admirers was beginning to ask one another uneasily whether her method was not now too calculated, her effects too plainly premeditated. The intensity of her early works was gone. Readers began to resent her pedantry, her elaboration of allusions, her loss of simplicity. They missed the vivid rural scenes and the flashes of delicious humor which had starred the serious pages of *Adam Bede* and *The Mill* like the lemon-yellow pansies and potentillas on a dark Welsh moor. Then came *Theophrastus Such*, a collection of cumbrous and didactic essays which defy perusal; and finally, soon after her death, her *Correspondence*, a terrible disappointment to all her admirers, and a blow from which even the worship of Lord Acton never recovered. Of George Eliot might have been repeated Swift's epitaph on Sir John Vanbrugh:

> Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
> Laid many a heavy load on thee.

It was the fatal error of George Eliot, so admirable, so elevated, so disinterested, that for the last ten years of her brief literary life she did practically nothing but lay heavy loads on literature.

On the whole, then, it is not possible to regard the place which George Eliot holds in English literature as so prominent a one as was rather rashly awarded her by her infatuated contemporaries. It is the inevitable result of 'tall talk' about Dante and Goethe that the figure so unduly magnified fails to support such comparisons when the perspective is lengthened. George Eliot is unduly neglected now, but it is the revenge of time on her for the praise expended upon her works in her lifetime. Another matter which militates against her fame to-day is her strenuous solemnity.

One of the philosophers who knelt at the footsteps of her throne said that she was 'the emblem of a generation distracted between the intense need of believing and the difficulty of belief.'

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Well, we happen to live, fortunately or unfortunately for ourselves, in a generation which is 'distracted' by quite other problems, and we are sheep that look up to George Eliot and are not fed by her ponderous moral aphorisms and didactic ethical influence. Perhaps another generation will follow us which will be more patient, and students yet unborn will read her gladly. Let us never forget, however, that she worked with all her heart in a spirit of perfect honesty, that she brought a vast intelligence to the service of literature, and that she aimed from first to last at the loftiest goal of intellectual ambition. Where she failed, it was principally from an inborn lack of charm, not from anything ignoble or impure in her mental disposition. After all, to have added to the slender body of English fiction seven novels the names of which are known to every cultivated person is not to have failed, but to have signally, if only relatively, succeeded.

The London Mercury

ANEMONES

BY M. H.

ANEMONES which droop their eyes
Earthward before they dare arise
To flush the border, question not
The urging which them begot,
Nor ask nor care to know what rite
Procured them in the warm wet night;
But being young to light and love
Dread their great Soldan up above.

So the belovèd hangs her head
To know herself encompassèd,
And burning hotly, shuns to view
What next the hardy one may do;
But when the throbbing of the fire
Thrills her like music in a wire,
Stiff as a stalk that feels the shower,
She lifts her flaming face to flower.

The New Statesman

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A PRAYER FOR MY DAUGHTER

BY W. B. YEATS

Once more the storm is howling and half hid,
Under this cradle-hood and coverlid,
My child sleeps on. There is no obstacle
But Gregory's Woods and one bare hill
Whereby the haystack and roof-leveling wind,
Bred on the Atlantic, can be stayed;
And for an hour I have walked and prayed
Because of the great gloom that is in my mind.

I have walked and prayed for this young child an hour,
And heard the sea-wind scream upon the tower,
And under the arches of the bridge, and scream
In the elms above the flooded stream;
Imagining in excited reverie
That the future years had come,
Dancing to a frenzied drum,
Out of the murderous innocence of the sea.

May she be granted beauty and yet not
Beauty to make a stranger's eye distraught,
Or hers before a looking-glass, for such,
Being made beautiful overmuch,
Consider beauty a sufficient end,
Lose natural kindness and maybe
The heart-revealing intimacy
That chooses right, and never find a friend.

Helen being chosen found life flat and dull,
And later had much trouble from a fool,
While that great Queen, that rose out of the spray,
Being fatherless, could have her way,
Yet chose a bandy-legged smith for man.
It's certain that fine women eat
A crazy salad with their meat
Whereby the Horn of Plenty is undone.

In courtesy I'd have her chiefly learned;
Hearts are not had as a gift, but hearts are earned
By those that are not entirely beautiful;
Yet many, that has played the fool
For beauty's very self, has charm made wise,
And many a poor man that has roved,
Loved and thought himself beloved,
From a glad kindness cannot take his eyes.

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May she become a flourishing hidden tree
That all her thoughts may like the linnet be,
And have no business but dispensing round
Their magnanimities of sound,
Nor but in merriment begin a chase,
Nor but in merriment a quarrel.
Oh, may she live like some green laurel
Rooted in one dear perpetual place.

My mind because the minds that I have loved,
The sort of beauty that I have approved,
Prosper but little, has dried up of late,
Yet knows that to be choked with hate
May well be of all evil chances chief.
If there's no hatred in a mind,
Assault and battery of the wind
Can never tear the linnet from the leaf.

An intellectual hatred is the worst,
So let her think opinions are accursed.
Have I not seen the loveliest woman born
Out of the mouth of Plenty's horn,
Because of her opinionated mind
Barter that horn and every good
By quiet natures understood
For an old bellows full of angry wind?

Considering that, all hatred driven hence,
The soul recovers radical innocence
And learns at last that it is self-delighting,
Self-appeasing, self-affrighting,
And that its own sweet will is heaven's will,
She can, though every face should scowl
And every windy quarter howl
Or every bellows burst, be happy still.

And may her bridegroom bring her to a house
Where all's accustomed, ceremonious;
For arrogance and hatred are the wares
Peddled in the thoroughfares.
How but in custom and in ceremony
Are innocence and beauty born?
Ceremony's a name for the rich horn,
And custom for the spreading laurel tree.

The Irish Statesman

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WOMEN AND THEIR WORK

THIS is a topic which should receive the close attention of our readers. It deals with a matter which not only involves a debt of honor from the nation to a large group of working women, but also involves economic considerations of a vital character.

Before, however, we deal with this matter of women's work in detail let us say that, while we assume, that the unions of the skilled men are in fact preventing women from having a share in skilled work, it is possible that there is some misunderstanding, and that the attitude of the unions is not really what it is said to be. If that is so, and if they make no objection to women doing skilled work or learning to do it, we shall not only be willing to recognize our blunder and to withdraw and apologize for what we have said, but shall be relieved beyond measure to have been proved to be in error. All that the leaders or representatives of the unions need do is to send us a correction, to which we will give the utmost publicity.

Pending, however, such a contradiction or explanation as we hope may be forthcoming, we can certainly do no harm in discussing the subject. Whether the unions have taken the line it is implied they have taken or not, there is, unfortunately, no doubt that there is a very general prejudice existing in the minds of many male workers against the so-called competition of women. That is, alas! an admitted fact. The prejudice against allowing women to participate in trades and forms of work which hitherto have been exclusively, or at any rate usually, carried on by men may be due to one of two sets of considerations. The first set are what may be termed moral and social considerations; the other set are of an economic nature.

We will deal first with the moral and social considerations. It is, of course, quite right that these should receive the utmost attention. We are far from thinking that this is a matter in which economics alone should rule. By this we mean that if it can be shown that morally, socially, or hygienically the influx of women into the skilled trades would be injurious to the public welfare, then all good citizens must be against such an influx, and the state might well be justified in forbidding it. Can this be shown? Obviously a person in weak health, either normal or temporary, should not be exposed to a severe physical strain. We believe, however, that the best medical opinion would now by no means declare that hard physical work conducted under proper conditions as to hours and so on is worse for a healthy woman than for a healthy man. No doubt married women who have just brought children into the world, or who are about to bear children, or again women who are already fully occupied with the care of children and the care of households, ought not to be encouraged to take on extra duties.

We will go further, and say that theoretically it might be quite right to forbid employers to tempt them to undertake extra work by the offer of wages. Moreover, we are sure that public opinion is right in setting its face against a system of double strain. It is the husband's duty so to provide that the mother of a family shall not be forced to undertake a double serv-

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ice. She must not be allowed to add to the burden of bearing, and caring for, the children by also procuring them food, shelter, and clothes. That is the father's part.

But though home duties may be the appropriate function for the majority of women, there is in the social life of to-day a very large class of young women who are unmarried and who, as we have seen during the war, are perfectly capable, either as workers in engineering trades or on the land or in a hundred other capacities, of doing what was once supposed to be man's exclusive work, and doing it well. We have learned too that it is quite a mistake to suppose that indoor work is physically more suitable for women than for men. As a matter of fact outdoor work is usually quite as good for them as for men, and the ideal plan is not to keep them indoors but to get them out of doors as much as possible. In any case, we have to deal with several millions of women who claim the right to dispose of their own labor in their own way. Therefore, even if the married women are ruled out, as we hold they very largely must be, for already in various ways they are working up to their full powers, we have got to ask — Are there moral and social conditions which forbid the women who are free from choosing their own trades?

No doubt theoretically it might be argued that there are certain trades which are more suitable to women than to men, and that, therefore, it would be an advantage to classify them and say: 'This or that job is a woman's job and must be left entirely to women and no man must be allowed to undertake it.' On the other hand, there are certain jobs which in the moral and social interest of women can be best left to men. For example, it might be possible to pass an Act saying that no one must ever employ a man in domestic service such as cooking or housework, and also that as women make the best typists and shorthand writers no man shall be allowed to undertake such work, or again, that the needle must be left as the instrument solely of women and that there must be no more men tailors. In the same way certain trades such as bricklaying or house painting or working heavy machines might be allocated entirely to men.

Our answer to this plea is that even if theoretically there is something in it, it will be found that freedom of action will divide the work between men and women far better than the most enlightened of tyrants or the most philanthropic of Trades Councils. If we leave the matter alone, things will adjust themselves. Especially is this adjustment likely to take place successfully if it becomes a rule or a custom that the rates of pay for women shall be the same as for men. And here we may say that though theoretically a woman ought to be allowed if she likes to settle her own rate of wages, we are quite prepared to think that in the interests of the women as a whole it would be better to have the rule of equal wages. We are not in the least afraid lest in the end, if complete freedom of training and work is given, this rule of equality will be injurious to women.

The women showed during the war that in a great variety of trades — indeed in almost all trades — they can hold their own perfectly well with men except where exceptional physical strength and weight are necessary, as, for example, in mining operations, and navy work and seamanship. What women lack in weight and muscular power they make up in assiduity, conscientiousness, and keen endeavor. We do not know whether it is merely a

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social accident or a fact of nature, but as things are at present arranged there is little doubt that women are less inclined to be idle than men. Possibly hygienic philosophers may say that this is due to the fact that women do not habitually dope themselves as men do with the sedatives of alcohol and tobacco, both slowers-down of pace, though perhaps in the long run and in modern times useful slowers-down. The fact remains that women have far less inclination to 'ca' canny' than have men.

To sum up, we believe that the more the moral and social conditions are considered for healthy unmarried women the more it will be found that the wise and the just thing is to leave women's work alone and to let them have complete freedom of action. After all, to deny them such freedom would be a strange sequel to the grant of the franchise. And here let us say that in our opinion it was a very great mistake not to enfranchise women between the ages of twenty-one and thirty, which are the very years when most of them are at work, and may conceivably need the vote to protect them from industrial injustice.

Now for the economic considerations, and these are the real considerations which must decide the question. Nobody who faces the facts will deny that though, as we have shown, there is a case arising from moral, social, and hygienic considerations, the real reason why the unions in certain skilled trades forbid women's work is the fear that the men workers will be injuriously affected by the influx of female labor and that the rate of wages may fall. Our general answer to this is that wages cannot possibly fall owing to an increase of labor, unless, of course, wages are to be judged purely by their nominal amount; that is, by the terms in which they are expressed in the precious metals or in paper currency. Theoretically it is no doubt probable that if in any particular trade in which there are only x men available, the labor of x divided by two women were added, wages expressed in metal counters would fall. On the other hand, if weekly wages were expressed in terms of purchasing power, such as another three or four loaves of bread, a dozen more slices of bacon, three chops, a skirt, a blouse, or a hat, then the addition of x divided by two producers throughout our industries must ultimately be seen to have the result not of lowering wages but of increasing them.

Horne Tooke argued well when he asked: 'What are guineas and shillings but tickets for so much bread, beef, beer, and clothes?' It does not matter to the man whether the ticket is a smaller or larger piece of metal. What does matter is the amount of the things just enumerated which will be given in exchange for the said ticket. But, alas! mankind has got a vicious habit of thinking only in metal and not in the things which the metal will buy, and, we frankly admit, is prepared for almost any extravagance of behavior rather than face the beneficent fact to which we have alluded — that is, that wages are automatically increased by the increase of production. Unfortunately, work, instead of the results of the work, has come to be man's ideal. Unconsciously he is always seeking, and rightly seeking, to get himself fed, clothed, and made comfortable with the least expenditure of labor. Consciously he suffers from the strange delusion that he is injured by a diminution of toil.

See Smith, Jones, and Robinson in the harvest field exhausted and overdone with the struggle against the weather. To them enter Mary, Susan, and Jane, and, noting how tired are

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the male workers, they offer to help in getting in the sheaves and saving the corn from destruction. If Smith, Jones, and Robinson are natural and unsophisticated persons who have not heard of lowering the standard of wages and so on, they will gladly accept the proffered help and get in their harvest in half the time they would have done if not helped. If, however, they are strict followers of trade union economics, they will receive the overtures of Mary, Susan, and Jane with the utmost rage and indignation, and unless prevented will drive them with stones and curses from the field for having dared to attempt to deprive the male toilers of their indefeasible right to bear, perspiring and profane, the heat and burden of the day.

If anybody ventures to remark on the foolishness of this conduct, it is ten to one that Smith, Jones, and Robinson will become so zealously angry that any stones left over from the effort to drive away the women interlopers will be hurled at his head. If, however, he can induce them to stoop to argument, they will say that, though naturally they bore no ill will to the women whom they had refused to allow to work, they were obliged to act as they did lest their wages should be lowered. 'We are sorry, but we cannot afford to let anybody else share this work with us. It is of no use for you to say that so long as there is more corn to go round it does not much matter who produces it. We know it must be done by us alone, and that what we have got to look out for in order to keep our wives and families from starving is not the amount of corn that is produced but the number stamped on the ticket that we get for our labor. The right of work belongs to us, and we will guard it to the end. The only other thing that we need be careful about is that somebody else does not get part of our tickets.'

We wonder whether it will ever be possible to persuade mankind to give up the notion that the tickets are the real thing and that what can be got in exchange for them is an insignificant matter. Possibly this is one of the delusions that mankind will cherish till the trump of doom. Anyway, we must put up what fight we can to prevent this strange delusion from doing a great injustice to the women of the world.

The Spectator

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PARIS REVISITED

BY BOYD CABLE

THE first and most prominent feature I noticed of Parisian life was the noise, the row and rush and clatter and scramble. The streets are a pandemonium of rolling and rattling wheels, clanging bells, unceasing honks, whoops, wails, yelps, and squeals from all sorts and shapes of motor horns. If London wants to learn how to expedite the movement of street traffic she ought to send over to Paris for lessons —as I hope she won't.

It is bad enough to be held up when you're trying to hurry in a taxi in London and a brewer's dray checks a long line of motors and forces them all to drop to a two-mile-an-hour crawl. But it is not nearly so unpleasant as to go in mortal terror of your life as you do in Paris every time you make a street crossing, to have to stand for minutes with a crowd of foot passengers whenever you want to cross any main and most side streets, waiting until a moment's break comes in the whirling stream of motors. If you're off the main traffic streams and want to cross an apparently quiet road, you must look carefully up and down, draw a deep breath, and make a leap for it; and then you're lucky if just when you reach the middle a furious taxi-driving Jehu does n't swirl round the corner, raise your hair with a savage yelp on his horn, and just miss running over your toes.

Every kind of vehicle appears to try to outvie the next in the loudness and unpleasantness of the noise it can make. The motor cars have hooters that would n't shame a full-sized factory, sirens that wail like a lost soul in torment, horns that scream, groan, or hoot in every tone and key and note of savagery. The street cars have bells with a head-piercing clang and clamor; even the push-bikes carry some sort of howling motor horn.

Everything moves at a most disconcerting rate of speed, and why there are not umpteen accidents a minute at every busy corner I don't know. Perhaps there are, and I'd like to learn the average of street casualties in Paris. At some of the main crossings there are policemen working on the model of our London traffic control police. They carry an imposing white truncheon to hold up in the face of the traffic, and for all I know to swipe the head of any taxi-man with if he refuses to halt. Personally, if I were asked to go on point duty in Paris, I'd want to be armed with a Maxim and have a heavy barbed-wire barricade round me.

There appears to be little horse traffic, but there are innumerable motors, from cycles up to lumbering lorries, sometimes with an even more cumbersome one on a 'trailer' astern. These and the long 'single-decker' heavy motor buses appear to be about the only vehicles safe to travel in. Anything smaller must move in peril of being run into and flattened out. The drivers of every vehicle make a point of traveling at top speed, and are apparently utterly indifferent to the number of foot passengers in the way. A foot passenger's main object in life must be to dodge being run over.

Next to the nerve-racking noise and rush, the unpleasantest feature of Paris now is the price of everything, or rather the variety of prices and the difficulty of finding the right and most reasonable. There is a glorious disregard for values. You may buy a glass of beer at one café for one franc, and double the size glass of the same beer at another café half a dozen doors down the same street for ninety centimes. You see an article priced in one shop

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window, and then five minutes later, in just the same class of shop, see the same class of article at half or double the price.

Everyone complains of the enormous prices of everything, but, on the other hand, I noticed fowls in shop windows at a good deal less than we pay in London, vegetables at about equal prices or less, and meat, on the whole, at higher prices (making allowance in all cases for rate of exchange).

In the restaurants you can pay anything — even as you can in London — but, on the whole, the value is not nearly as good as it used to be, even reckoning the present cost of living as double the old. The high-class restaurants are as expensive as ever, and I fancy don't do you nearly as well. But a very good *à la carte* dinner in a restaurant something after the style of the better-class Soho ones costs about fifteen to seventeen francs a head, including a good claret. An experimental meal at one of the few decent-looking *prix fixe* places one sees now yielded a good dinner of soup (or *hors d'œuvres*), any other two dishes on the card,— fish, eggs, various meats,— pastry and fruit, for five francs. Wine was not included, but was on the list at prices running from four francs a bottle. The room was well fitted and the meal well served, and the place was patronized by a good class of customer — much the same as you'd find in any city lunch restaurant.

But lunch in a big restaurant on the Boulevard des Italiens cost twenty-five francs a head for *hors d'œuvres* (fairly good), curried chicken (no more than eatable), and a half-bottle of very thin, sharp claret. It costs no more at the Restaurant Marguery for a perfect dinner of their famous filet sole, grouse, cheese, and an excellent wine. At the Marguery, by the way, it may be worth noting, I still found the most perfect cooking and the best wines I know in Paris.

Despite the continual talk and complaint of the high cost of living, there is no sign of the money shortage, and the theatres, the best restaurants, the expensive shops are always crowded, and outside the cafés there is hardly an hour of day or evening that you won't find crowds sitting and sipping various drinks. There is talk of a serious coal shortage and a constant wondering as to how Paris is going to get through this winter. But there is no stint of light — which, after all, means coal — and the streets, the cafés, the shops are literally and extravagantly ablaze with electrics.

It is said that the place is full of visitors, but I fancy most of these are from other parts of France, and the British and American tourist is not nearly so conspicuous as of old. But wherever the visitors come from, they have filled the hotels so full that a stranger would be well advised to secure rooms in advance or arrive in Paris early in the day, hire a taxi, and drive from hotel to hotel until quarters are found. Perhaps a good many of the visitors are on their way to and from the various 'devastated regions' to which many tours are run from Paris, and which take a steady stream of travelers. Here there is none of the difficulty made at home about visiting the various battlefields. Anyone can walk into an agency and book for a one, two, or three-days' tour by rail and motor to practically any of the areas from Verdun to the sea.

One notable difference in the crowds one sees in the streets now as compared with war time is the return of the male element, which for so long was conspicuously absent except for men in uniform. France must be getting ahead with her demobilization rapidly,

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if one can judge by the numbers of young men to be seen about now.

The bright lights, the shifting crowds, the gay shop windows, the rushing traffic, combine to give again to Paris her old charm of vivacious gayety. But I could not avoid the feeling that there was an artificiality and feverishness about it all, and wherever you hear talk it comes back always to the same amazement at the riotous spending, the wonder where the money comes from, how long it can last, when and how the inevitable crash must come. There seems no limit to the spending and extravagance, while prices mount and soar. A fellow passenger on the outward-bound train summed up the situation neatly. 'The cheapest thing you can buy in Paris,' he said, 'is your railway ticket out of it.'

The Observer

BY THE SEA WALL

BY ARTHUR W. HOWLETT

FRONTING the cold North Sea it runs, east and west, holding back the fury of all those leagues of watery clamor that lie betwixt it and the Pole. Behind it lies a dreary marsh cut up by lesser walls and divided by a muddy creek, up which hurries and ebbs twice a day the effluent and refluent tides. One side are the 'fresh' marshes, green, soggy wastes relucent with innumerable pools, where the cattle wander far and wide, and islanded with clumps of gorse like the vestigial tufts on a worn-out doormat. The other side are the 'salt' marshes, gray-green and dank, defined from the low-dipping sky far away in the distance by a thin streak of white where the waves break upon the sands. Inland you may see near half a dozen churches, for it is a great land of churches, with a cluster of red roofs round each and a topping of gorsy hills.

There are embankments this way and that, for the great wall seaward does not do all the business. And as they were built by men whose ancestors came, not so very remotely, from the shores of Holland, you may depend on it that they are disposed with the utmost efficiency. Green grass covers them all save just along the bases, where the last high tides have left a foul scum of rotting weed. For at the highest tides the sea comes in over all, and the long banks stand out like ridges above a lake of water that merges with the ocean.

But when the tides are low and there is no risk of a sudden inrush (such as may happen if a full moon and a strong nor'easter coincide) it is a strange new world to visit, this land of the salt marshes behind the sea wall. It is cut up by countless creeks, steep-walled as the cañons of the Colorado, with a gurgle of trickling water deep down in their recesses. The firm ground is over-grown with a rank carpet of gray, strong-smelling wild sage, a treacherous foothold enough, for often it hides completely the smaller divisions of the creeks, and a careless walker might come easily by a sprained leg.

So irregular are these creeks, great and small, that if you tied together all the tails of the alphabet and raked them over with a currycomb you would have no greater entanglement. And, as if these are not enough, progress is obstructed, too, by great pools cut out of the turf in a most extraordinary manner. For they are clear-cut as if punched out with a die, some quite round, some horseshoe, others sigmoid, for all the world like the pieces of a child's puzzle. The edges are clean, as if pared with a knife, and the depth of water uniform, perhaps three or four inches. It is a fearsome sight to behold

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suddenly in one of these pools, so far from the sea, a great crab wriggling and squirming back into the overhang. Numbers of them haunt the marshes everywhere, and many a time I have taken them unawares on the ground, evidently crossing from pool to pool. If you poke a walking stick at them they put up a claw menacingly and whack it with sidelong punches like any boxer. Thus, between the knees and elbows of the creeks, the pools that often touch one another, and the spaces of spongy grass, it is apt to be a long trek from the edge of the marsh to the sea; and to reach a spot a hundred yards away may lead you a walk for the best part of a mile.

All day long, and, still more, all night, there is a great surging roar in the ears — the noise of the surf on the sea wall. It is never still, but varies in depth, now suddenly expanding as some mighty roller crashes onto the shingle, now dying to a growling mutter as the stones roll over in the backwash. And all the marsh itself is one vast whispering gallery of weird sounds, from the shrill stridulation of the wheeling gulls to the thin, plaintive piping of the redshanks. The wind comes in gusts, and the shadows of the flying clouds rove across the face of the swamp like blindly groping hands. It is interesting to see how certain land birds are trying to adapt themselves to a semi-marine existence. At your every other step a lark springs up out of the wild sage, and huge flocks of starlings gyrate here and there, settle and rise again, and go off with a frou-frou of wings toward the meadows. There they peck about for a minute or two, then rise again and come streaming back onto the marsh.

There came a wild night of storm, and a tide came up to the foot of the village street. All the marshes were flooded and shone for miles silver gray beneath a cloudy moon. I walked out on one of the embankments, and all about me where had been green grass the waters were lapping to within a yard of my feet. The wind, laden with salt spray, came hurtling so that I had to lean hard against it not to be blown off the bank. Against the velvet black of the night, where the long sea wall made a darker streak, I caught the gleam of the surf leaping house high in fierce white cloudlets.

I turned in, wondering at the violence of the storm. In the morning when I awoke it was still howling, and the flying spurts of rain were streaming on the window panes. Above it all came four loud reports, 'Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!' smiting the ear above the shriek of the wind and rattle of the rain. A woman ran out from the cottage opposite and stood looking out to sea, with her skirts and hair blowing about her. Someone called to her, and she shouted back in the passionless voice of the East Anglian, 'Ship ashore!'

It is one of those cries that send a thrill through every human heart. There are just a few of them, but each one is a whole five-act tragedy in itself. The sudden clutching at the heart, the sudden awakening to poignant sympathy, the sense of imminent crisis, all spring up in an instant, moving life from its old pendulum equipoise. While I stood there at the tiny window there were men fighting for their lives in that hellish sea — men whom it seemed that no power on earth could save. Nothing in war struck me as so awesome as this battle of men with nature, for in war men fight with men, and there are always the chances of human fallibility, but with the insensate sea what hope is there of weakness or relenting?

The lifeboatmen came tramping down the street in their heavy sea-

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boots and sou'westers. It was all very matter-of-fact. They got into a boat and pulled away down the creek, for the lifeboat was kept at the end of a spit some three miles away. We watched them go, and the little crowd of men and women went back to their cottages, but many an anxious heart followed them day-long in their battle out there in the wild North Sea. Late in the afternoon the gallant craft came back, coming herself up the creek this time to land four poor castaways from a foundering steamer. She moored by one of the old stumps on the quay, and lay there bobbing and bowing gracefully in the current, as if to say, 'See what I have done.' And in truth she had need to be proud if ever boat had.

In one of the old sheds her dripping crew were struggling out of their sea gear, helped by many willing hands. Far off I could see still across the sea wall the baffled surges leaping and spuming and shooting up their cataracts like white ghosts that fled in and out the caverns of the rain clouds. Next morning I met the old coxswain, a fine old white-bearded fellow of sixty, strolling down the village street. He had his gun under his arm, and was going out on the marsh to look for a peewit. They are dour men as any, these East Anglians, saying little and doing much, men not much of the world of to-day.

The Manchester Guardian

AN ESSAY ON THE DEVIL

THOSE who suffer from melancholy to such a degree that even to go to a music hall seems a cheerful experience may easily find themselves one of these nights listening in the heart of London to a chorus in praise of the Devil. The chorus runs something like this:

Give the Devil his due:
His faults are many, his tears are few.
He 'll offer you all he has to give;
He 'll *take* you and *break* you, but he 'll
show you how to live.

There is more of it, which we forget. It enumerates the Devil's gifts — love, gold, music, wine, perhaps. It is a long time since we heard the Devil praised so openly in a popular assembly. The Devil, we always knew, was a popular character, but in this country at least it has been the custom to respect his incognito. His enemies, indeed, speak of him quite freely; but those who look after his interests most warmly are the most reluctant to mention his name. If there is a cult of Satan worship, its adherents have built no church to him. We have heard it said that they have no fault to find with the churches that already exist. The Devil himself, indeed, has been in various ages a steady church-goer. We have it on the authority of Shelley that he 'has neither hoof, nor tail, nor sting'; but that 'he is — what we are':

Hell is a city much like London —
A populous and smoky city;
There are all sorts of people undone,
And there is little or no fun done;
Small justice shown, and still less pity.

This being so, almost any man who wishes to flatter the Devil by imitation can easily do so without revolutionizing his professions. The Devil asks his servants for deeds, not words, and he had rather have one conscientious plodder among the seven sins than a whole library of prose and verse written in his honor by sentimentalists addicted to virtue in their lives. This helps to explain why it is that, in spite of the world-wide influence of Satan, there is so little literature directly in his praise. Samuel Butler, wishing to judge the Devil fairly, said: 'It must be remembered that we have only

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heard one side of the case. God has written all the books.' Butler, it seems to us, was deceived by appearances. The reason why there are no books praising the Devil by name is not that the Devil is not an author.

The Devil, we should say, is one of the most prolific authors, but he is so infernally cunning that he will bring nothing out under his own name. He has a thousand pseudonyms, and a thousand styles, and there are constant disputes as to which pen names are really his. Our grandfathers were convinced that he wrote under the name of Voltaire, and quite a number of people in our own time believe that he was Nietzsche. 'The Devil,' said Kettle in the latter connection, 'was always a good stylist, and it is not inappropriate that, when his gospel is at its worst, his prose should be at its best.' For ourselves, we doubt if this be true, though Blake must have thought the same at one period when he praised Milton for being 'of the Devil's party.' 'The reason,' declares Blake, 'Milton wrote in fetters when he wrote of angels and God, and at liberty when of devils and hell, is because he was a true poet, and of the Devil's party without knowing it.' Even if we grant that Satan wrote *Paradise Lost*, however, it is but another example of his cunning, for it makes Satan the hero under the pretense of being an attack on him. Surprising as it seems to us nowadays to find *Paradise Lost* classed among the Devil's books, it would have appeared a moderate enough statement to a Manichæan. To the Manichæans the whole of the Old Testament was a Devil's book. Moses was a devil, and all the prophets, and 'the God of the Jews was a Prince of Darkness.' Even in our own time many of the great religious books have seemed to some writers to be the work of devils.

Swinburne, we fancy, looked on the Puritan divines as devils, and we have a suspicion that Mr. Chesterton regards the Devil as the author of Calvin's *Institutes*. Truly, Butler was innocent in thinking that the Devil was a dumb devil. Most of the great books of the world have been attributed to him at one time or another — Shakespeare no less than Shelley. We are of the opinion that his genius has been somewhat exaggerated, and that he has put it about that he is the author of many great works which he could not have written to save his life. On the other hand, his fertility is undeniable. Most of the novels that 'make one feel better' are by him — novels full of honeyed sentiment. For the Devil is the most sentimental of liars. But a stylist? We should have said his style was damnable.

The truth is, the Devil has few good points, if any. He has gained a certain notoriety among emotional people on account of his having been the first rebel. He is admired by some as a fallen angel — a sort of Byron of the skies. Others have even regarded him as a Prometheus — a deliverer from respectability and the oppression of the Sabbath Day. For our part, we are sometimes inclined to doubt the story of his high ancestry. What warrant have we for believing in it? If it is true that he was thrown out of Heaven, we think it exceedingly likely that he was thrown out, not because he was a rebel, but because he was a bore. We know a man who is acquainted with the fellow, and even claims to have been of considerable service to him on various occasions. He took the Devil to his bosom in unsuspecting friendship; and, if he speaks of him now with impatience, it is because he found him both a tedious and a treacherous companion. The Devil, he declared, was in the first instance an in-

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corrigible sponger, who never spent a penny of his own, and at the same time would lead one into all sorts of expenses that one could not afford. One was always being promised happiness and given a headache — being taken to see life and shown into the cemetery.

The Devil, according to the man we are speaking of, has no sense of humor. He thinks that any reference to the relations of the sexes or even to various parts of the clothing of human beings is funny, and that to demand more in the way of humor is to be a 'highbrow.' His sense of beauty is equally limited. He thinks that any back is beautiful so long as it is bare. Many men have tried to live on good terms with him, but there are few who do not turn from him in the end on account of his empty-headed dullness. Baudelaire ultimately forswore his *Litany to Satan* and died in the arms of the Church. To escape the boredom of the Devil, men have even been known to take refuge in buildings of corrugated iron. Anything is better than the idiotic iteration of that whisper in one's ear.

In the first instance, no doubt, it is in order to escape boredom that many people go to the Devil. We make virtue a figure in a waxwork show, and in comparison with this even the Devil seems a man. As a cold negation, virtue cannot compete with Satan, who is at least a fiery negation. Those who mistake Sabbatarianism or teetotalism or abstinence from the theatre, or any other negation, for virtue make virtue as repellent as a figure on a tomb. We are aware that the Devil calls every saint a plaster saint, and that it is his policy to represent all virtue as cold. For this the virtuous themselves are partly to blame. They make virtue seem like a smooth road between railings rather than a difficult climb up a mountain with ill-marked paths.

The truth is, they praise the safe virtues and say little about the unsafe ones. They do not appeal to that love of danger which exists in nine out of ten human beings. Most of us take for granted that human beings desire safety above all things; and so, in a sense, they do. But they also desire a spice of danger in order, perhaps, to make their safety taste all the sweeter. Certain it is that the sheltered life does not always succeed as a school of the robust virtues, and many fly from it to the perilous company of the Devil until they find that he, too, is a conventionalist and leads them along beaten tracks. Alas, what is a poor human being to do? The bishops tell him one thing, the music-hall artist another. He has now been experimenting for several thousand years, and he cannot even yet give you a satisfactory definition of virtue, much less practise it. All he knows is that he no longer quite believes in a personal Devil.

As the *Encyclopædia Britannica* cautiously and broadmindedly puts it: 'The possibility of the existence of evil spirits, organized under one leader, Satan, to tempt man and oppose God, cannot be denied; the sufficiency of the evidence may, however, be doubted; the necessity of any such belief for Christian thought and life cannot, therefore, be affirmed.' We are even told that Lucifer, son of the morning, who fell from Heaven, was not the Devil, but only the King of Babylon. All the same, we are inclined to believe in the Devil. How else can we explain all the things that we read about in the daily papers? Yes, as the song says, 'give the Devil his due.' He is a dull dog and all the rest of it, but he is very much alive.

The New Statesman

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THE MOVING PICTURE AND THE SCHOOL IN FRANCE

BY PIERRE MILLE

A SHORT time ago, the *Film*, a review devoted to the art and industry of the moving picture, put to a certain number of literary men the following question: 'The moving picture industry in France is traversing a crisis. The public is turning away from it or at least is beginning to do so. In your judgment what characters should a scenario have in order to interest spectators?'

I wrote a candid reply that nothing in the world could give me more pleasure than this same threatened crisis of the moving-picture industry, particularly if it proved that the public was beginning to see how foolishly it had endured the trash which the screen has been so long vomiting forth. And I wrote that even were I able to do so, I should take great care to give no one a hint of what constituted a 'good' film; I preferred to wait for the day when universal disgust would close the moving-picture theatres. I believed that the present organization of the industry made inevitable the unspeakable stupidity of the films, for every theatre was compelled to put on a new list every few days. The moving-picture theatre has taken over the specialization of *genres* which has reigned in the spoken theatre for centuries. Yet to this specialization must they come.

The *Film* very gallantly printed my answer, though, as anyone can see, it was somewhat acid. Recently, I found on my desk a second question which strikes me as most interesting.

'The moving picture,' exclaims the *Film*, 'is generally held to be only an amusement; the majority see in it only a picturing of newspaper novels and anecdotes. Certain attempts have been made, nevertheless, to portray the animal and vegetable world. Do you not think that the moving picture can be made a precious ally of education by giving this side of its activities a real development? In addition to the physical and natural sciences, literary matters may be treated, and general studies can be made less arid by well chosen tableaux.'

Yes, yes, a thousand times yes. The educational rôle is the true service of the moving picture. From the dramatic point of view, the film is the most mediocre, insufficient, and completely imbecile of all the methods of expression; it suppresses all psychology, because it cannot portray it; it is limited to expression of action and can give us naught concerning the causes of that action. And precisely because it can retrace and renew action and picture things, it can be a precious auxiliary for the education, not only of children, but also of adults. Were it utilized regularly and rationally in our schools it would sooner or later force the moving-picture palaces of industry, for I will not say of art, to make profound changes in their scenarios.

Even to-day, a small moving-picture machine can be had for very little. Imagine one in every school in every little French village; imagine it showing the manner in which a plant grows, the best manner of cultivating vineyards, the history of France even. What splendid pictures might be made of the history of France. There is the epic of Roland, the Crusaders, the Hundred Years War, the French in Italy under Louis XII, and all the drama of the revolution and the empire. And geography. What an admirable way in which to make it understood, to make it something more than a dry list of names. When

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volcanoes are studied, there might be a film of a volcano in eruption; the work of the sea, torrents, and glaciers could be shown.

But this is not all. The films could be shown free to the pupils, and to the parents later at a price. In certain larger municipalities a fund could be built up in this manner which would in time suffice to build a moving-picture hall attached to the school. In time, we should have a moving picture subsidized by the state as are the Opera and the Comédie Française, and the municipal council and the teaching bodies would have a voice in the choice of the films. These municipal theatres would then rival the commercial palaces, and perhaps drive them from the field.

These moving-picture programmes might be accompanied, not by lectures, for the pictures speak in their own way, but by brief explanations delivered either by the schoolmaster or some chosen specialist. The Roland picture, for instance, might be accompanied by the recitation of certain lovely and appropriate passages from the *Song of Roland*, rendered into modern French.

A journal of education writes that a commission for the study of the educational moving picture was appointed two years ago. I suppose it is deliberating still, for I have not yet seen a word in regard to the results of its work.

La Dêpêche de Toulouse

REYNARD THE FOX

BY J. C. SQUIRE

I WAS not among the unqualified admirers of those stories in verse which hoisted Mr. John Masefield into fame on both sides of the Atlantic. They flowed, most of them; they contained many vigorous and some beautiful passages; episodes and backgrounds were well done. There were *genre* pictures in *The Everlasting Mercy* and *The Widow in the Bye Street* and sea pictures in *Dauber* which remain in the memory; even in the *Daffodil Fields*, the worst of them, there were good patches, where Lion's house was described, and where the glimpse of South America came.

But there were great defects common to all these stories, defects least evident, perhaps, in *Dauber*. The writing was slipshod to a degree. The rhythms went anyhow. The words were often flung about with deplorable carelessness and lack of precision. Chinks of pseudo-beautiful padding were thrown in whenever the author thought he had been colloquial enough, and sentiments were frequently dictated by the expediences of rhyme. But the worst fault of all, and the worst fault that narrative poems could have, was that the people and their adventures were incredible. The greatest stories have violent plots, but where a violent plot is unconvincing it repels or amuses.

These stories were, in essence, however honest the author's intention, fakes, and sentimental fakes. The characters were puppets not in the hands of Fate, Time, and Chance, who, with artificial iteration, interposed at the ends of so many stanzas, but in those of Mr. Masefield, who knocked them about ruthlessly.

In the description of landscapes, of groups, of isolated incidents he was at his best; and it is significant that the finest thing he has done — a very beautiful and moving poem — was *Biography*, which was purely reminiscent and descriptive of men and places seen and felt. Conceivably he has now learned where his true talents lie: for his new poem, *Reynard the Fox* (Heine-

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mann; 5s. net), is first and foremost a descriptive poem. It is a description of a meet followed by a long chase. There is no interaction of human beings, and the sole important character is the hunted fox actuated by the single motive of self-preservation.

Faults of details are still here. A girl cannot be mentioned without being compared to a flower — flowers are Mr. Masefield's bane; too many personal and place names are introduced to rhyme; the adjective 'bright,' like other words, does very hard duty; here and there the fox is a trifle sentimentalized. But however many things there are on which an adverse critic might fasten, the fact remains that it is full of good things and that the story holds one, and more than holds one. How excited I had become on behalf of the fox I did not realize until I was twenty pages from the end, when, unable to bear the suspense any longer, like any young girl reading a romantic novel, I turned to the last page to see if there was a happy ending — for the fox.

There are three thousand lines or so, and only a few pages of over-elaboration. The story open thus:

> The meet was at 'The Cock and Pye
> By Charles and Martha Enderby,'
> The gray, three hundred year old inn
> Long since the haunt of Benjamin,
> The highwayman, who rode the bay.
> The tavern points the coaching way,
> The mail changed horses there of old.
> It has a strip of grassy mould
> In front of it, a broad green strip.
> A trough, where horses' muzzles dip,
> Stands opposite the tavern front,
> And there that morning came the hunt,
> To fill that quiet width of road
> As full of men as Framilode
> Is full of sea when tide is in.

There has been din in the stables since dawn, grooms beating cloths, men cleaning stalls, pumping, carrying pails, shaving; horses tugging their feed, stamping and whinnying. The maids scatter grain and mop floors; the ostlers are busy in the harness room. Each hour the stir grows; men and boys come and take a drink, pass on or hang about; then one by one mounted people arrive — squires, farmers, a clergyman or two, a major, families of girls, undergraduates on vacation. The growth of the meet is well done. At last the clock struck:

> And round the corner down the road
> The bob-bob-bobbing serpent flowed
> With three black knobs upon its spine,
> Three bobbing black caps in a line.
> A glimpse of scarlet at the gap
> Showed underneath each bobbing cap.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> There was a general turn of faces,
> The men and horses shifted places,
> And round the corner came the Hunt,
> Those feathery things, the hounds, in front,
> Intent, wise, dipping, trotting, straying,
> Smiling at people, shoving, playing,
> Nosing to children's faces, waving
> Their feathery sterns and all behaving,
> One eye to Dansey on Maroon.

The description of men and hounds is elaborated for pages and is extremely good; the Master's entry effective. Off they go.

They go to Ghost Heath Wood — sounds, scents, and noises are all made very real. A jay chacks, a hound speaks, the horn's note goes, they have found. We are carried back — the metre for the fox is admirably enlarged — to the fox's excursion of last night, all the adventures he had had and the sights he had seen: a vivid passage like a film in many sections. He sleeps; he is waked by the hunt; he sneaks hither and thither; and at last, driven to it, he breaks cover and flies. There is then a chase of over ten miles; forty pages of it and none too many. Both parties in the action are followed, and both are sympathized with; but the fox is the hero.

The changing landscape, the hounds

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streaming over it, the horsemen in a lengthening trail over meadows, brooks, ploughed fields, hills, are seen clear and colored as though from an elevation; only now and then are we brought into intimate contact with a man or a group, excited or in trouble; but the fox, his straits, his cunning, his fear, his exhaustion, his stout heart are the main theme. His arrival at his goal to find his earth stopped is made tragic; he goes on, a hero, to another hill, where are two boys and a gun and a terrier, who chases him, kills his scent, and gives him a respite. It is brief; they see a speck going along a furrow and are after him again; he has four miles more to go, through sheep, up a stream, where boys throw stones at him, then up a long last hill. There is a thorn fence around the wood; he leaps, fails, leaps again, gets over, and swerves into the wood. They overrun him; he gets to his earth — it is stopped with stones; he hides:

With his ears flexed back and his teeth
shown white,
In a rat's resolve for a dying bite.

Then the hounds crash past. They have changed foxes. The noise passes; the woodland silence, the birds' twitterings resume; night comes, a rested fox goes out for his prowl. There pass him men and hounds going homeward, having killed a fox, persuading themselves that he was the original quarry and the gamest ever known.

Then the moon came quiet and flooded full
Light and beauty in clouds like wool
On a feasted fox at rest from hunting
In the beech-wood gray where the brocks
were grunting.

. . . . . .

The beech-wood gray rose dim in the night,
With moonlight fallen in pools of light;
The long dead leaves on the ground were
rimed,
A clock struck twelve and the church bells
chimed.

It is, if the term be not offensive, a great *tour de force*, and as English as a poem could be.

Land and Water

ON HAVING TO WAIT

BY CLAUDE TESSIER

'JUST away, sir.' 'Oh——' With a sickly grin and that 'sinking sensation' so reminiscent of examination rooms, momentous interviews, and the unhappy side of life generally, I stood wiping my wet forehead and watching the fast disappearing red light on the guard's van of the train I meant to have caught. Robinson Crusoe gazing forlornly at the sail that never returned could not have struck a more dejected attitude than was mine on that deserted platform. Want of breath alone prevented me from pronouncing terrible and sustained anathemas on the tyrannic and inexorable power that grinds all individual liberty to dust; I refer, of course, to railway time tables.

One hour and seventeen minutes to wait. In the scramble to get off I had clapped a pair of tightish boots on my feet, which were of the kind we all know, that keep quiet so long as you don't give them much work to do. Moreover, it was pouring rain. Somehow or other, it always is pouring rain when anything has happened to make me particularly glum. On the whole, I decided I would put in the time in the waiting room with a book. My disposition is easygoing; of that kind which is ever ready to look on the bright side of things and which somebody has remarked is a more valuable possession than ten thousand a year. The one is, I should think, a corollary of the other; but be that as it may, without ten thousand a year I can make myself happy in places which

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many mortals positively abhor, and one of these is a waiting room.

Certainly, they are a little bare; a trifle wanting in individuality. But so, too, was Tolstoy's study; and Japanese houses and model dwellings and the heads of most gentlemen over sixty have those qualities, yet who would declare them abhorrent on that account? Yet some of my friends hate waiting rooms as they hate Huns, because they say they are so bare; as well might they hate themselves when they take a bath.

'Do Not Spit,' 'Beware of Pickpockets,' 'Girls Who Are Homeless or Strangers in This City Should Apply,' etc., greeted me around the walls like the portraits of my ancestors at my country seat, as I entered on this occasion. In addition were the usual bright and vigorous steamers ploughing the sparkling blue waves amid broad streaks of white, white foam; and the map of England reminding me of Laocoön being strangled by the fiery serpent, so vividly has the company's cartographer depicted the sinuous red lines of the railway and the blooddrop-looking stations splashing and winding about the countryside. Sitting on the table (somehow or other waiting room tables, like poor relations, seem made to be sat on), I began studying the list of noble names of the patrons of the hostel for the 'strangers in this city' of the female sex, which the notice hanging opposite exhibited for the edification of the less charitably inclined. Before long, however, the room, which was empty when I entered, contained a fair assortment of human flotsam.

A baby, a blind man, three flappers, an old soldier, a young wife and mother, a lively sailor, a young soldier, a rude little boy, a benevolent old gentleman, and a respectable citizen soon enlivened the passing moments of my sojourn. The rude little boy had been quietly kneeling on a seat and protruding his tongue after the manner of his kind at the ladie and gentlemen whom he saw through the window. The young wife and mother, who was evidently *his* mother, disengaged one hand from the baby and placed it sharply across the little boy's outstanding ear. The three flappers, the young soldier, and the lively sailor were engaged in that sparkling sex-repartee which may be heard so often in our streets and parks at eventide; the benevolent old gentleman, who I knew instinctively was none other than 'Pro Bono Publico' of my morning sheet, was listening sympathetically to a tortuous and expletory tale of the ways of the War Office from the elderly soldier; and as the respectable citizen had snorted away when the behavior of the flappers had become shocking to his notions of propriety, I and the blind man were left together. Moving nearer, I remarked in the slightly raised tone in which one always addresses the sightless: 'It's a wet day.' But either the poor soul was deaf as well as blind or his wonderful instinct had informed him that a scoundrel was speaking, for I got no answer. Feeling a little foolish, I sauntered jauntily to the window.

Mr. Max Beerbohm has told us of his actor friend who became a professional seer-off; he also remarks that really artistic seeing-off is as difficult as any other art, except essay writing, which for sheer laboriousness licks creation, as the Americans say. I think they were all amateurs that I saw before me, as they were standing in monosyllabic and awkward groups below the protruding and visibly bored faces of the travelers. As I watched the train getting ready for departure I began betting which one

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of the breathless persons who from second to second scuttled through the barrier would be left in the same manner as I.

Sure enough, when the guard had swung himself in and paper boys and chocolate sellers and porters and porteresses and the others whose business it is to speed departing trains were strolling back along the platform, a poor old lady came tumbling through gasping out if that was her train. When she learned that it had been her train but was now no more, she fell to weeping and crying on her God. Two porteresses led her gently to the ladies' room, where no doubt they administered the consolations of one woman to another. Why is it that only railways and drapers bother about such trifles as minutes and farthings? If I have an appointment with a friend it is for 10.30 or 2.45 or 6 o'clock, but if I have an appointment with a train it is always for 10.33 or 2.41 or 5.59 or some other disconcerting, non-mnemonic point in time. No draper at a summer sale ever calculated his irritating farthing prices more oddly than it seems your time-table maker does his minutes. We shall have to found an 'anti' society about it, I can see. 'Society for the Abolition of Odd Minutes on Railways' might do for a title; and if we offer a prize for the best essay on 'The Absurdities of Time Tables' we shall get a cheap advertisement and members *and* their subscriptions will come flowing in. By the way, it's no use any of you applying for the post of secretary because that will be given to the chairman's friend: and I mean to be the chairman.

To-day

GRAY

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

GRAY of the twilight come,
Spread those wide wings above our meadows: bring
Coolness and mist: make dumb
The jarring noise of day, and gently ring
Our woods and ponds with dimness: take away
All busy stir, but let the gray owl sway
Noiselessly over the bough like a little ghost:
And let the cricket in the dark hedge sing
His withered note; and, O Immortal Host,
Welcome this traveler to your drowsy hall
And, standing at the porch, speechless and tall,
Close the great doors, shut out the world, and shed
Your benediction on this drooping head.

The New Statesman

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SCOTLAND AND FRANCE

BY A. FRANCIS STEUART

It is not easy to say when Scotland and France first became united in an indissoluble bond of friendship. Monkish chroniclers, to whom the wish was generally father to the thought, write of an alliance between Achaius, King of Scotland (by whom King Eocha, who succeeded *circa* 796, was meant), and the Emperor Charlemagne. Certain it is that in the marriage contract between the girl queen, Mary, Queen of Scots, and Francis, Dauphin of France, in 1558, it is expressly stated that the friendship between the two kingdoms had subsisted for eight hundred years, and a few years before, in 1552, when the Earl of Arran was Regent of Scotland, it was solemnly recorded, in an act by the Privy Council raising Scottish troops to assist the Most Christian King of France, that this was

> conform to the awld liegis, bandis, amitie, and alyansse quhilk hes stand of long tyme betwix the realmes of Scotland and France, renewit and confermit be everie King and Prince sen the tyme of Achaius Kyng of Scotland and Chairlis the Maine King of France.

At first, before the extinction of the old dynasty of Scottish Kings — the male line of Malcolm Canmore — France and Scotland, though friendly, were not so in any special sense, as England was no more than a near and sometimes an unfriendly rival. Certain Scottish Kings sought alliances in England, others in France. One of these, Alexander II (died 1249), married in 1239 Marie de Coucy, of the great family who owned Coucy-le-Château (destroyed by the vandalism of the retreating Germans in the late war), of which we shall hear again. Alexander had assisted the English Barons in their struggles with King John, and had been an adherent of Louis, the son of Philip Augustus of France, in his attempt to secure the English throne, and when this failed, it did not make the relations between the English and the Scots more friendly. The next King, Henry III, assumed the position of 'Principal Counselor to the illustrious King of Scotland,' the boy Alexander III, and aimed at supreme power, but was foiled by his mother, Marie de Coucy, 'always the enemy of England.' England held at arm's length, the King's daughter, Queen of Norway, dead, and her little daughter the only heir to the throne of Scotland, Alexander, in the hopes of continuing his line, married in 1285 a French wife, Jolette, daughter of the Comte de Dreux, but his death by accident at Kinghorn within the year left the realm to the heiress, 'the Maid of Norway,' and her death in 1290, on her way to her kingdom, left Scotland without an acknowledged ruler.

There were plenty of claimants, however — Balliols, Bruces, and Hastings, all Anglo-Norman families from France who had intermarried with the Scots royal blood, and this gave the King of England, Edward I, *malleus Scotorum*, his opportunity. He arrogated to himself the position of judge of the rights of these competitors, trumping up a feudal claim to the

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superiority of Scotland, and awarded the throne to the lineal heir, John de Balliol, but — and here was the rub — as feudatory of England. And he pressed his rights with such persistence that, before three years were over, the poor puppet, King John, was forced into open defiance of England, and concluded a treaty of alliance in 1295 with Philippe the Fair, King of France. This stipulated for mutual support and assistance to the Scots, and arranged for a marriage between the Scottish King's son Edward and the French King's niece. At once the King of England was on the warpath. Scotland was overrun with English, King John deposed and sent into dishonorable obscurity. Then began the rule, the spoliation, and the oppression of the Scots by the English King, whose people were soon to be known to their northern neighbors as 'Our auld Innemeis of Yngland,' and as usual, when the bow was bent too far, it snapped. A Scottish patriot arose in Sir William Wallace, who for a time was styled 'Protector' for the deported King John. He sought and obtained French assistance, and stirred up the spirit of independence in his own country before he was betrayed and executed at London in August, 1305. France did not fail the next Scots patriot, Bishop Lamberton, either, nor, when another scion of the true blood royal, Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, claimed the crown of his ancestors, did she refuse assistance.

Bruce was crowned at Scone in 1306, and after a temporary eclipse, was aided by the death of his enemy, King Edward of England. France tried to mediate and two years later Philippe IV secretly acknowledged the new ruler as King of Scotland, and, when he broke the power of England at the great victory of Bannockburn in 1314, his rule was secure, and finally Scotland in 1328 was recognized as an independent country, so that King Robert saw the full success of his people before his death in 1329. The French alliance strengthened during this reign. King Robert in 1326 made a treaty with King Charles the Fair, of France, and in that year the Scots College in Paris (the old Chapel still exists as a place of pleasant pilgrimage) was founded by the Bishop of Moray.

Many Scots seekers after learning were thenceforth educated in France, and to French civilization Scotland owed what early arts of life the poorer Scots in early times became possessed of. We see traces of this in the Scots words for dishes and jugs, we see it in the planning of old Scottish towns and castles, their architecture modified by poverty, and (later) we find many traces in the Roman Law which Scotland borrowed directly with its legal system from France.

But though King Robert Bruce established his dynasty, its troubles were not over. His boy son, David II, succeeded as Scotland's anointed King. England, however, saw again a chance of supremacy through a puppet King, and Edward III (that enemy of France and Scotland) put forward the claim of Edward Balliol, son of the unlucky John, as his crowned vassal. The young King and his Queen Joanna (of England) were sent in 1334 for safety to France (the first of many Scottish princes to take refuge there) while anarchy reigned at home. Philip VI of France proved a true friend in the hour of need to Scotland, and though supported by the might of England, the rule of Edward Balliol was too foreign to be popular, and eventually King Edward (who had declared himself King of France, and so began the Hundred Years War in 1337) recalled him to England. He was the last of the Balliol puppet Kings, and died

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childless in retirement. It is interesting to think, however, that his niece and Scottish heiress, Christina de Lindesay, married in France the great Sire de Coucy whose motto was

> Je ne suis Roi ni prince aussi
> Je suis le Seigneur de Coucy,

and so became the lineal ancestress of King Henry IV of France and the Bourbon dynasty.

King David Bruce returned from France to his kingdom in 1341, but being 'young, stout, and jolly' was imprudent enough to wage war on England in the interests of France, and paid the penalty by his defeat and capture at Neville's Cross in 1346 and eleven years' imprisonment in England, while his countrymen ravaged England and had their country harried by fire and sword in return at the 'Burnt Candlemas' in 1356. On the death of David in 1371, the Bruce dynasty ended, and that of the Stuarts — a longer one — in the person of his nephew, Robert II, began.

Robert II had acted as Regent during his uncle's imprisonment, and was French in sentiment like his family. This trend was to be shown for centuries later. In 1385 Charles VI of France sent two thousand men under Jean de Vienne to assist the Scots in their English war, but the different tactics of the two nations led to misunderstandings. Still the league remained. His son, Robert III, was afraid of the safety in Scotland of his heir, the Prince James, and tried to send him to a place of security in France in 1406. Alas! the English were on the watch, and the Prince of Scotland was captured and imprisoned in the Tower of London. The King died of grief, and his brother Robert, Duke of Albany, became Regent, and was succeeded in 1420 by his son, the Regent Murdoch.

Now Scotland was able to pay some of its debt back to France, and it did, *con amore*. France, humbled by England at Crécy and Poitiers, had seen her King Jean a prisoner in England, and now under Charles VI was at the feet of King Henry V, who called himself King of England, France, and Ireland, and meant to be so. Certain of the King of Scots — his captive — he attacked France and made her bite the dust at Agincourt in 1415, but no sooner had he done so than he found the Scots — a cursed nation as he said — wherever he went 'in his beard.' Henry again invaded France in 1417, and the frightened Dauphin Charles sent an embassy to Scotland, trusting to the ancient alliance, and craving the aid of a Scottish army. The Regent and the Scots Parliament at once acquiesced. A large force — some say seven thousand men, some say more — was assembled and fitted out and dispatched in a French fleet to France under John Stuart, Earl of Buchan, the Regent's second son, Archibald Douglas, Earl of Wigtown, and the Dauphin's own nominee, Sir John Stuart of Darnley, and this force safely landed in France — no mean feat in the days of rowing-galleys — in spite of the attempts of the English to circumvent and capture them.

The English power was at its zenith. King Henry forced the imbecile French King to disinherit the Dauphin, to bestow the hand of his daughter Catherine on himself, and entered Paris in triumph. Now came the turn of the Dauphin and the Scots. Occupying Touraine and Languedoc, in a few months he was, with their assistance, able to make himself master of the whole centre of France. More Scots reinforcements came, and finally, on March 22, 1421, the battle of Baugé was fought, where the English Duke of Clarence fell, and victory turned decisively on the side of the Scots, so

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that their French allies changed their names for them from the carping '*sacs à vin et mangeurs de mouton*' into 'saviors of our country,' and they craved for more soldiers like them, who were at once dispatched from Scotland.

Henry V was furious, and, like another King, his rage surpassed all measure. He brought the captive Scottish King James I with him to France, and professed to regard any Scots fighting on the French side as rebels, hanging them when caught. The Scots neither expected nor received quarter. But fate fought for them, too, for King Henry V died, King of France, in 1422, leaving his heir an infant. The mad King of France died soon after, and the disinherited Dauphin, who had few to lean on besides the Scots troops, became King as Charles VII. He rewarded his Scottish supporters. Douglas was made Duc de Touraine, Buchan, Connétable de France. Most of the Scottish forces fell at the great (and indecisive) battle of Verneuil in 1424 against the English, whose little King Henry VI had been crowned at Paris, and as one of our most recent Scottish historians puts it, 'Lose or win, the cause of French freedom was a noble cause in which to die.'

But just before this crushing blow, the King of Scots, James I, was released from his English captivity with a fair wife of his own wooing, Joanna Beaufort. He soon made his power felt by striking down the Regent. France was still in great straits, and for some time the harassed King thought of taking refuge in Scotland. In 1428, however, he sent an embassy to Scotland, asking for the hand of the little Princess Margaret, the King's infant daughter, for his son the Dauphin Louis. The Ambassador he chose was Stuart of Darnley, now Connétable, and allowed to quarter the lilies of France with his own arms. He besought more Scottish assistance, for otherwise France must again sink into an English possession. A treaty was made and help sent, and though Darnley fell at the 'battle of the Herrings' at Rouvray, it heartened the spirit of the French to resist. Darnley left a long line of successors in the French service (one, Bernard Stuart, a Maréchal of France, to die in 1508 Ambassador to Scotland, *le Chevalier sans reproche*), who ruled over the fair lands of Aubigny; and it is interesting to remember that the widow of the last of them, *La Belle Stuart*, the beauty of both the French and British Courts, was the original Britannia on the British coinage. France, in spite of Scottish assistance, might still have been lost, had it not been for the wonderful appearance at this juncture of Jeanne d'Arc. This simple country girl, with a full conviction of her own mission, saved France from the English, and after her King had been crowned (one Scottish bishop was a celebrant) and her success accomplished, she, by betrayal, met her death at the hands of the English in 1431. It would alone be sufficient as a link with the French nation had there been no more, that of all her armies, the Scots were the only ones faithful to *la Pucelle* until her death.

France was now freed from invaders through Scottish help, and the Scots reaped rich rewards. Lands were showered on the soldiers, benefices on the priests. They merged easily in the population and were popular. The King surrounded himself with Scots, and they were faithful. Immediately after Verneuil the survivors of the Scottish auxiliaries were formed into a Royal Guard and placed under the command of Aubigny, the son of the slain Darnley. The Dauphin (Louis) tried to seduce their loyalty from his father, but failing and recognizing

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their worth, surrounded himself with Scots, heaping privileges on his guards.

Henceforth they were a part of French history, they had many rights, and wore the royal uniform of white, and whether *gens d'armes* or archers, *gardes de la manche*, surrounded the royal person. It would take too long to tell their honorable history, but recruited partly from Scotland, they fought for France for over three centuries. 'For so long a time as they have served in France, never hath there been one of them found that had committed or done any fault against the Kings or their state; and they can make use of them as of their own subjects.' Surely this may stand as an epitome of their service.

In 1436 (before her father's murder) Margaret Stuart sailed to France to become the cultured but neglected wife of the sombre Dauphin. To France for safety and education also went her sisters, one of whom, Isabelle Stuart, became later Duchesse de Bretagne and ancestress of the French Rohans.

The turbulent reign of James II did not prevent Scots flocking to France, and in 1451 the 'Scottish nation' flourished at the University of Orléans, and in the reign of James III, Louis XI sent a Scottish Ambassador, Monypenny, now 'Sieur de Concreseault,' to ask for Scottish assistance. The King wished to head six thousand men, but his Parliament interfered, no doubt fearing England. Louis XI received the King's brother, Albany, when he fled from Scotland, but did not assist him in his treasonable designs. Scotland and England were still natural enemies, and France was, therefore, the certain friend of the first, and France well knew this.

In 1513 King Louis XII of France took the almost unheard-of step on his renewal of the old league of merging — in a measure — the two nations. By an enactment (confirmed by several of his successors) he naturalized all Scots residents in France, giving them all the rights of Frenchmen, and exempting them from the *droit d'aubaine*, and soon Scotland, in return for this kindness, gave a terrible example of what the French alliance might cost. The King, James IV, though married to a princess of England, Margaret Tudor, who was later to transmit the crown of England to her descendants, regarded that country and its King, his brother-in-law, Henry VIII, as his chief enemies. Knowing this, in 1513, Anne de Bretagne, wife of the King of France, then sorely pressed by the English, sent by her messenger, M. de la Motte, to the Scots King as 'her knight,' a turquoise ring and begged him for her sake to 'step three feet and strike one blow on English ground.'

The chivalrous King accepted the obligation, assembled his army, and attacked the English at the fatal Field of Flodden. At the battle the Scottish King and the best part of the Scots army perished. From this blow Scotland took centuries to recover. 'The flowers of the forest are a' wede awa,' and the memory of the disaster — though not its cause — remained indelible in Scotland.

One of the disasters was that it left another boy King, James V, on the Scottish throne with the disadvantage of an English mother. Scotland was torn by factions. Anglophile Douglases pulled one way, while the French-loving ecclesiastics, the Bethunes (a name famous in both England and France), pulled the other. For a time the admiral of France, John, Duke of Albany, the son of the King's fugitive grand-uncle, became Regent of Scotland, but, hungering for France, departed from his regency in 1517, leaving a Frenchman, the Sieur de la Bastie, Warden of the Marches, in succession to Lord

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Home. The result was a border feud in which England played a part, and the unlucky Frenchman fell a victim to a vendetta of the Homes, being slaughtered in 1517. His severed head, with its long, fair locks, was attached to his savage captor's saddle-bow.

After a difficult period, Albany returned from France in 1521, full of the French cause, but no one would risk another Flodden. Scotland was wasted by their foe, and he returned to France finally in 1524 to become a great power there, being (by his wife) uncle of Queen Catherine de Medici, and leaving the French interest in the capable hands of the Chancellor, Archbishop James Bethune. Chaos ensued, and it was not until 1528 that the King emancipated himself from tutelage and ruined the Douglases. He leaned on France, and through the mediation of France entered into a truce with the sister kingdom. This allowed him a little time for culture, and he established the College of Justice in 1532 after the model of the French *parlement* of Paris. Anxious to marry, in 1535 he sought a French bride, but a romantic personal visit to Paris diverted him from the one chosen for him, to King François I's own daughter, Madeleine, fille de France. They were, in spite of the bride's hectic beauty, married with great pomp in Notre Dame in 1537, the Scots King being treated by express command during his residence in Paris with the same honors as a Dauphin of France.

The young pair (with Pierre de Ronsard in attendance) sailed for Scotland, but the journey was too much for the frail bride, and she died, young and loved, at Holyrood two months after her arrival. As soon as possible a new French match was arranged for the King, a lady courted by his uxorious uncle of England, Henry VIII, and in June, 1538, he was married in St. Andrews to Marie de Lorraine, widow of the Duc de Longueville and sister to the great Duc de Guise, the Cardinal de Lorraine, and the Cardinal de Guise, of a house that threatened to be more powerful in France than the Valois themselves. A keen Catholic, the bride had no inclination to 'the new religion' which was overspreading England, and Cardinal David Bethune was a powerful supporter and friend to the French party. Trouble broke out with England, the Scots were defeated at Solway Moss and the broken-hearted King died of grief, in December, 1542, just after his daughter, Mary Queen of Scots, had been born.

Here was another minority! It was at once a struggle of three nations, but it was no longer only national, but now also religious. England had thrown off the papal authority; many in Scotland wished to do the same. King Henry VIII demanded the hand of the young Queen for his only son, Prince Edward, and, backing up his demand by force of arms, ravaged Scotland by sea and land.

The head of the Hamiltons (next heirs to the crown), the Regent Arran, was vacillating. Cardinal Bethune was resolute in the French interest, but was, in 1546, murdered by malcontents in the castle of St. Andrews, which, therefore, became the centre of the insurgent Reformers. His death, and that of Henry VIII in 1547 made little difference. The Protector of England (Somerset) carried on the war for his nephew, King Edward VI. The Regent Arran and the Queen Mother sought aid of France, and Leone Strozzi, Prior of Capua (cousin of Catherine de Medici), was sent with a fleet of armed galleys to his assistance, St. Andrews Castle reduced, and the Reformers — among whom was John Knox — carried captives to France.

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England now invaded the south of Scotland again, and, defeating the Scots at Pinkie in 1547, kept Haddington as a foothold. The Scots, more opposed than ever to 'this manner of wooing,' and fearing, since the English had fortified Inchkeith, that they might carry the young Queen off to the south, sent her, in French galleys, to France to be nurtured. A French force was sent to Scotland, the English power was gradually weakened by them, and they garrisoned the chief fortresses, including Inchkeith, which had been recovered by them. A change of government took place, Arran was made Duc de Châtellerault in France, and the Queen Mother, Marie de Lorraine, became Regent, backed up by her Guise brothers, the most powerful subjects in France.

It was no doubt the wish of the Queen Regent to fuse the interests of the two countries. Her blood was French, she chose Frenchmen for her chief advisers, and she intended her daughter to marry Dauphin François, son of King Henry, of France. But she was hampered by the growth of the reformed doctrines both in France and Scotland; the former driving the French Catholics into the arms of Spain, and the latter driving the Scottish Reformers into the arms of England. In 1558, Mary, Queen of Scots, was married to the Dauphin in Notre Dame in Paris, with unusual splendor, and documents secretly signed gave the French a claim over Scotland. The French residents were made citizens of Scotland as the Scots had been in France, and all was prepared for future union. Facts warred against the old alliance, however, among which were the persecution of the English Protestants by Queen Mary Tudor, the fierce outbreak of Protestantism in Scotland, with its destruction of the old religion, and the too great power of the Guises in France. Knox returned to Scotland in 1555 full of hatred of France and the Papacy, and thereafter, wherever he was, was the ringleader of the Scottish Reformers. In 1558 Mary Tudor died and was succeeded by her half-sister, Queen Elizabeth, who leaned for her title on the Protestant interest. This raised the hopes of the Scottish Reformers, who dreaded the French soldiery in the pay of the Queen Mother.

The Lords of the Congregation, as they were styled, rose against the Regent, stroke and counter-stroke followed, and at last the Regent was able to occupy Edinburgh and garrison Leith with her French. Meanwhile her daughter became (1559) Queen of France and assumed the arms not only of France and Scotland, but of England also, thus denying the claim of her cousin Elizabeth to be Queen. For this claim she paid with imprisonment and her life twenty-eight years later. Elizabeth sent a fleet and an army to assist the Scottish Reformers, and for the first time one saw Scots (half-heartedly, it must be owned) and English fighting together against their French brothers.

The Regent — a brave woman — died, bequeathing her body to be interred in France, and a treaty of peace was made. French garrisons (except small ones in certain fortresses) were to be withdrawn, the assumption of arms canceled, and England and Scotland to be at peace, but these terms were never ratified, and in 1560 King François II died suddenly, leaving his Queen, Mary Stuart, a beautiful young widow, childless, unprotected, and a stranger to her own kingdom. The struggle began at once. Elizabeth refused a safe-conduct to her cousin the Scots Queen through England, and she was forced to brave the risk of seizure during the long and

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dangerous sea passage from the beloved country of her youth.

Arriving in Scotland, she found herself indeed in a terrible position, a Catholic surrounded by Protestants, and these now jealous of French interests for reasons of religion. She had to temporize with a wild nobility, each playing for his own hand, and listen to the rude fulminations of the eloquent John Knox. The unwise love making of Chastelard (who was put to death '*par son outrecuidance et non pour crime*') showed how lonely she was, and she was forced to marry. She chose the next heir after herself to the throne of England, her cousin Darnley, and 'married into misery.' This is not the place to do more than mention the jealousy of Darnley and the nobles of her French secretary, the Piedmontese Riccio, and his murder shortly before the birth of her son, James VI; the murder of Darnley; the Queen's unfortunate third marriage with Bothwell, and her deposition by her nobles, who proclaimed her infant son King and ruled in his name.

Then came her escape, her defeat at Langside, her flight and vain attempt to obtain security in England. Detained on one pretext or another by her wily and treacherous cousin, her imprisonment always growing stricter, nothing was left to her but to intrigue for her unrenounced claim to the English throne, and to use her jointure as 'Dowager of France' for that purpose. Hemmed in on every side, she was at last arraigned as an enemy to England, condemned and beheaded at Fotheringay, February 8, 1587, having composed a touching letter (now in Scotland) to her brother-in-law the King of France the night before the execution, reciting her profession of faith and interceding for her household — a brave letter worthy of this 'daughter of debate,' written without a tremor. Her tragic story links together for all time the many countries with which she was connected.

The Protestant surroundings of her son King James VI naturally made the friendship between Scotland and France remote and strained. The massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Huguenot struggles and their ultimate eclipse weakened it still further and prepared the way for the union of Scotland and England. This came on the death of Queen Elizabeth (and probably in accordance with her own wish) in 1603. The rich inheritance opened to King James and he went off to London, and Britain found itself for the first time united under one crowned head and, what pleased Scottish pride, a King out of Scotland.

After this, the association of Scotland and France no more partook of the nature of a league, but the *lien* of the long friendship remained strong and still exists. The French did not forget that Alain Chartier, Ronsard, and Brantôme visited Scotland; nor did the Scots that many of their great older writers (like George Buchanan) were educated in France. For a time there was a strong *liaison* between the Reformed Churches of both countries, growing weaker with waning French Protestant power. There was still the Scots Guard, and Scots continued to pour into the French service while 'le Béarnais,' afterwards Henri Quatre, was still a Huguenot. These bands became notable fighters as *le Régiment d'Hébron* (Hepburn) and *le Régiment de Douglas*, nicknamed by their Picardy rivals for their ancient claims 'Pontius Pilate's bodyguard.'

Recalled to Britain, these soldiers formed the oldest regiment of the British regular army, 'The Royal Scots,' whose record since is a proud one. In spite of revolutions in England and Scotland and hostility to Britain

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in France, the claim of the Scots to be natural citizens of France remained in full operation in the reign of Louis XIV, and many of his *protégés* — to cite two very different ones, the financier Colbert, and the great writer Molière — boasted Scottish descent. Then the extraordinary hospitality shown by France to the exiled Stuarts kept alive the old friendly feeling. The melancholy court of St. Germain, where 'the King over the water' dwelt, was an ever-present memory of the old league to the Jacobites, most of whom, on the failure of their hopes, took service in the French army, and whose names are not wanting among those of Naploeon's marshals.

Wherever we go we find touching traces of the old affection. We like to think that it was a Scot, Quentain Craufurd, who gave his specially built carriage to Queen Marie Antoinette for the flight to Varennes in 1791. We are glad that Holyrood was the *asile* of the Comte d'Artois in 1796, and that in that 'Fatale Abbaye' on his return in 1830 as ex-King Charles X of France he obtained

Cette hospitalité mélancolique et sombre
Qu'on reçoit et qu'on rend de Stuarts à Bourbons.

But at the present time, when the Great War of 1914-1918 is just at an end, the greatest link between the two nations, fully justifying and revivifying the ancient alliance, has been the deeds of the two allied armies together, freeing France first, and incidentally the world, from the menace of foreign sovereignty and Teutonic *Kultur*, and in this great cause we find Scots — Royal Scots again and all their brethren — fighting shoulder to shoulder with their French brothers in arms, and bringing anew mutual assistance that which their ancestors brought to each other in the long centuries of the past.

The Anglo-French Review

A GLIMPSE

BY JEAN GUTHRIE-SMITH

A MELLOW lighted room, a swaying door,
A bunch of faces, sawdust on the floor;
Two instruments that tinkled like live birds;
Scents of strange foods; and husky foreign words.
So swift it passed we scarce had time to feel
The scene's rare poignancy, nor know it real;
A stabbing picture cameoed complete
It flashed, then left the darkling Shadwell Street —
One of those gifts which gods to men address,
Immortal, beautiful, and bodiless;
Truer than truth, of ecstasy the whole,
Shadow and echo, love of soul for soul.

The Nation

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FOR AND AGAINST A CAPITAL LEVY IN GREAT BRITAIN

I. *In Favor of the Levy*

BY ERNEST J. P. BENN

BEFORE discussing the arguments for and against a levy on capital, which is now becoming one of the commonplaces of political debate, it seems to me to be quite essential that we should first of all decide for what purpose such a levy might be necessary. The public has a confused sort of notion that in some mysterious way money has to be found for purposes which are altogether undefined, and in fumbling about and looking for money it tumbles on to a capital levy as a way in which funds might be raised. The result is that we are in danger of rushing into this expedient without in the least understanding where we are going. It is very difficult for the man in the street to get the huge problem of the national finance into proper perspective. His thoughts are befogged with thousands of millions, and he is generally unable to bear in mind those simple economic considerations which apply with equal force to the business of the Empire or to the smallest commercial concern.

I think that the way to approach the discussion on a capital levy is to take a comparatively small business concern, put it as near as may be into a financial position which is parallel to the position of the nation, and then apply the best of business practice to it. The government is in the position of a board of directors of a public utility company which finds itself in financial difficulties. If, instead of being called a government, it were called a board of directors, the procedure under existing circumstances would be very simple and very drastic. The shareholders and the creditors would come to the conclusion that there had been waste, and would first of all make such arrangements as to preclude the possibility of a continuation of that waste. They would next come to the conclusion that a lot of money had been lost and that the business could not hope to succeed in the future unless that loss were wiped out and an opportunity given for the managers to start afresh with a clean sheet without the incubus of the past continually pulling them down.

The result of all this would be the immediate closing down of wasteful departments, the drastic reduction of unproductive staffs, and the arrangement of things for the future on a basis which, judged by past experience, would insure that accounts would at least balance. There would, further, be an unceremonious dismissal of all those heads, whether directors or managers, who were responsible for bringing the concern into its financial difficulties. Many of the best business houses of to-day have gone through this process: they were started with an over-dose of optimism, they were planned on too ambitious a scale, or they were put into the hands of men whose ideas lacked the necessary backing of experience, and they found after a time that they required reorganization.

Socialists are very fond of calling attention to the fact that now and again a commercial concern will dis-

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tribute bonus shares to its proprietors and that increments accrue to capital in this way. They are not, however, so keen to advertise the other fact that in commercial practice it is common to find pound shares reduced to ten shillings, or whole classes of shares wiped out, or other drastic capital reductions made. The owner of capital who invests a sovereign is a fool if he retains that sovereign on his books when it has ceased to be worth its full value. If he has any principles at all, if he realizes the responsibilities of capital, if he understands its true purposes and the principles upon which the original sovereign was accumulated, he will be extremely careful to write it down from time to time if things have turned out so badly that it has lost any of its original value.

This, then, is the recognized practice among people who understand commercial economics. There is, of course, another class of business man who would deal with the matter in another way. He is the fraudulent company promoter, the irresponsible optimist, the gentleman who is always cashing the future, or the hope-monger. It is from that class of person that our present administrators seem to be drawn. When the Prime Minister is prepared to face the most hopeless financial morass which ever presented itself to any nation with a cheery smile, and talk as if he were surrounded with genius and everything was perfect in a perfect world, the business man thinks of all the South Sea bubble schemes with which he has been caught from time to time in the city. The commercial counterpart of Mr. Lloyd George, when he gets into financial difficulties as he does regularly and periodically, calls his shareholders together, tells them what a wonderful person he is, paints pretty pictures of the marvelous future, explains how hard he has worked to lay the foundations, and if he can tell that sort of tale with sufficient assurance and a modicum of eloquence he is sometimes able to bamboozle his supporters into submitting to a further capital levy, and more good money is sent after bad.

For these reasons we have to approach this question of a capital levy with considerable caution and make perfectly sure that we see clearly what it is we want, and how we propose to get it. Our financial difficulties may be summed up very briefly. We have an enormous deadweight of debt, debt which is not represented by any assets except our credit, debt which is a drag upon our future activities, and which will tend to discourage every form of enterprise so long as it exists. But that is by no means the most serious part of our present problem. We have, in addition, an expenditure which is beyond our income. We are raising today, after a year of peace, by taxation, more money than was wanted in 1915 to carry on and pay the whole cost of the war. We are spending at least twice as much as can be justified by any view, however rosy, of our wealth and our resources. With such a debt and such an expenditure, progress is impossible.

Now there are many people advocating a levy on capital for as many reasons. There are, first of all, the Bolsheviki, a term which in this connection includes state socialists, syndicalists, guildsmen, and bureaucrats — people who make an effort to hide the fact that they regard capital as an abuse and are anxious to abolish it. I know they have divided themselves into many different camps and hold many different shades of opinion, but the effect of the whole of their propaganda is an attack upon what they are pleased to call the capitalistic system. These people want a levy on capital,

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not because they understand finance — they are incapable of doing that — not because they think it will help our present position,— they care nothing for the present, their minds are wandering about in the century after next,— not because they are concerned about our national position, for almost to a man they are devoid of any national instinct, but because they believe that the right thing to do is to abolish personal wealth. These people are the real danger: a levy on capital is to them just another step in the revolution, another stage in Leninism, and will, they think, bring them a little nearer to the impossible millennium in which they persist in believing. With them a levy on capital would not be a businesslike proceeding, there is no business about them, they loudly proclaim their hatred of the very word: there would be no finality about such a levy. They would rub their hands and look upon it as a first installment and promptly make arrangements to secure the balance. If they got it they would squander it at once, and the only effect of such a procedure worked in their way would be further inflation, further depreciation of the currency, lower production, and a greater slaughter than has ever yet occurred of all those elements which make for an advance in civilization. Therefore, in advocating as I do a levy on capital as a means of extricating ourselves from our present difficulties and improving our chances of success in the future, it is very necessary to make these points clear.

In the last few weeks another consideration has arisen which has somewhat complicated the situation. A great many people are inclined to favor some sort of a levy upon what they are pleased to describe as war fortunes. This line of argument makes a very strong appeal because there is an element of justice in it. If it were possible for the state to take any money which has been made as a result of the war, that would seem to be a very equitable way of helping to pay for the war. No one can deny the force of the sentiment behind this proposal, but no one who has investigated it can fail to come to the conclusion that it is fantastic and impossible. Every penny that everybody possesses, whether it was made centuries ago or during the war, exists to-day by reason of the fact that we have won the war. It is simply absurd for the man who was wealthy in 1914 and who is still wealthy to-day, to claim that he has not benefited through the war. If we had failed to win, his fortune would be like that of the man in a similar position in Germany, and every sovereign he owns would be worth 3*s*. The same point can be stated in fifty different ways. Perhaps the most powerful argument against the idea of appropriating war fortunes is that which relies upon the fact that the state made a bargain very early in the war that it would take a percentage of excess profits and leave the rest to those who had made them. That bargain may have been a very bad bargain; it was certainly a very foolish one; it has undoubtedly been responsible for a large proportion of the inflation from which we are suffering. But it was a bargain, and it should be kept. It was made in a hurry at the instigation of the Labor party, and the Labor party is the very last that ought to ask for it to be rescinded. But beyond all this there is the impracticability of defining a war fortune. Any attempt to do anything of the kind must mean that we should all be subject to the intolerable attentions of inquisitorial officials, and the fortunes which 'within the meaning of the Act' would eventually turn out to be war fortunes would be the very last which

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anyone at this stage of the proceedings would imagine could be described in that way.

If a capital levy is, as I think, a business proposition, if it is a wise thing from the point of view of the capitalist, if by writing down our capital we are going to secure greater prosperity in the future, then all capital ought to share in that levy. I do not regard a capital levy as a sort of punishment for some supposed crimes in the past; I look upon it as a business proposition for the benefit of all in the future.

The conditions, therefore, upon which I think a capital levy would be just and proper are: first, definite and final arrangements for the curtailment of national expenditure — and there should be no ambiguity about this. The nation should enter into a bargain limiting the income tax to, say, 3*s*. in the pound. When the Prime Minister tells us with the broadest of smiles that we must make up our minds to a continuation of the present rate of taxation, he pronounces the death sentence of industry. The prospect of a 3*s*. income tax for the next 20 years would remove a great many of our present difficulties. Secondly, from this it would follow that the levy when made would be used entirely for the reduction of debt. It seems almost redundant to make the point, but with the present level of honor among politicians it does require to be insisted upon. We have already raised £500,000,000 or £600,000,000 for debt reduction in the form of a Victory Loan, every penny of which is being calmly appropriated for current bureaucratic fillibustering.

There remains to be said a word about the practicability of the proposal. A good deal has appeared in the newspapers from short-sighted capitalists, who hate the idea of parting and who have endeavored to show that the thing could not be worked. We are told that it would involve the dumping upon the market of so much property at one time that general ruin would result. We are invited to weep over the troubles of the widow whose sole investment takes the form of house property, and who cannot sell a portion of her house, and so on. I see no difficulties of this kind, provided that the money raise is really used for debt reduction. If a thousand millions were collected to-day and at the same time a thousand millions of debt were paid off, the whole thing would be, from the money market point of view, merely bookkeeping. At the same moment that some of us were called upon to realize a thousand pounds' worth of property other people would be looking for an investment of a thousand pounds. There need, therefore, be no panic, no ruin of any market values.

The working of a levy would, of course, involve a great deal of clerical effort, not only on the part of the revenue authorities, but by each and everyone of us. We should all have to make up our balance sheets: for the purposes of the levy we would be considered to have died upon a given date; and just as our estates will some day or another all be valued, we should have the personal satisfaction of doing a preliminary valuation on our own account. It is, of course, quite obvious that a great many people upon whom the levy would fall would find it inconvenient to pay on the due date, and provision would have to be made for leaving the money with such people on mortgage at a set rate. A time limit could be fixed during which the taxpayer would be obliged to find another mortgagee in place of the government. The details of the scheme present no real difficulties unless our hair-splitting bureaucrats are allowed to overwhelm

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it with rules and regulations which nobody can understand.

To sum up, a capital levy, such as I would approve, involves a complete reversal of national policy, if the policy of the present government may be regarded as in any way national. We want, first of all, to realize that a system of government which is useful in the period of war is not the best form for a period of peace. We need to understand that the success of the nation is made up of the successes of all the individuals that compose the nation, and that the way to secure that success is to encourage those individuals. We need to realize the old truth that the best way to govern is to do as little of it as possible. We must put our personal and national finances on to such a basis as to enable individuals to do things and not so arrange matters that all personal initiative and all individual effort is damped down and discouraged. We should aim at a complete separation of politics and industry, and that would best be done by a strict limitation of the money which is placed at the disposal of politicians. There should, in fact, be a proper liquidation of the present intolerable position, and a new start on a sane and sensible basis. Part of the process of such a liquidation would inevitably be a levy on capital.

II. *The Case Against the Levy*

BY J. A. R. MARRIOTT, M.P.

I GLADLY accede to the request of the Editor of the *Review of Reviews* that I should summarize for the information of its readers the arguments against a levy on capital which I have more than once addressed to the House of Commons and to other audiences on this subject.

No one can doubt the insistent importance of the question. The nation is faced by a financial situation sufficiently grave to appall the stoutest heart. Even if the hopes of the optimists are realized to the full we must be content to shoulder an enormous load of debt. The gross debt will certainly exceed £8,000,000,000 — about 10 times the amount which we had to shoulder at the close of the Napoleonic wars.

Such a situation, extraordinary and unprecedented, calls, it is urged, for the application of heroic remedies. Why not impose a levy upon the accumulated wealth of the people, and thus by one clean, though painful, surgical operation get rid of the gangrene which otherwise will poison the whole body politic for at least half a century to come?

The proposition is an alluring one, more particularly to those who do not possess any accumulated wealth. But, though alluring, is it sound finance? Short cuts have an irresistible attraction for certain temperaments, but they are never safe for wayfarers who are not well acquainted with the lie of the ground; not always for those who are. Financial short cuts almost invariably lead into quagmires.

But a levy on capital may prove to be an exception to the general rule. Let us see precisely what is proposed. Suppose that the total accumulated wealth of the country amounts to £24,000,000,000 (I do not commit myself to this figure: but let us accept it for the sake of argument). Let all persons who possess more than, say, £1000 be required to contribute an *average* of one quarter (25 per cent) of their aggregate wealth to the state, in order to clear off debt. The smaller fortunes would, such is the proposal, contribute much less than 25 per cent; the largest fortunes considerably more;

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but if the *average* were 25 per cent the tax might be expected to yield an aggregate sum of £4,000,000,000, or sufficient to wipe out half the gross debt, or perhaps even three quarters, if the more optimistic anticipations as to repayment of the debts owed to us by Allies and by Russia, and as to the German indemnity, be realized.

This is a most attractive prospect. Who among us would not rejoice could we, by any device, reduce the annual debt charge from say £400,000,000 to £100,000,000 or even to £200,000,000? Why not at any rate try the experiment?

In regard to any proposed tax or imposition three questions must be asked: (1) Is it fair and just as between citizen and citizen? (2) Is it feasible; can the tax be assessed, and collected without disproportionate expense? (3) Is it fiscally expedient; would it yield revenue without inflicting more than proportionate damage upon the *sources* of revenue?

How does the proposed levy on capital respond to these tests?

First: is it fair? I frankly admit that *no* tax that was ever devised can be perfectly fair. All taxes bear more hardly upon some individuals than upon others; notably the existing income tax. I do not, therefore, look for ideal justice in taxation. Still, any statesman worthy of the name will endeavor to attain to rough equity in his fiscal policy, and will do his best to avoid impositions which are likely to arouse resentment in individual citizens, still more those which are likely to exacerbate the relations between classes; above all, of course, those which are so manifestly inequitable as to discourage the production or the accumulation of wealth, or even to encourage evasion of the impost. Would a capital levy be equitable as between individuals, and as between classes? There is one argument not infrequently urged in its favor to which I am almost ashamed to refer, but it has cropped up, so after that I cannot ignore it. Some two years ago the War Emergency Workers' Committee urged that the government ought 'in common fairness to accompany the conscription of men by the conscription of wealth.' Speaking in the House of Commons on December 20, 1917, Mr. Adamson, the leader of the Labor party, put the same point bluntly: 'I want to say to the Prime Minister and to the government in all seriousness, "If you imagine that you are going to go on making call after call for men, without some definite and distinct arrangement as to the conscription of wealth, then you will find that you are up against a very difficult problem."' This seems to me a nauseating suggestion — that sacrifice of life is to be equaled by sacrifice of wealth, and it rests, moreover, upon a twofold fallacy: first, that there has not been any 'conscription of wealth'; and secondly, that the wealthier classes have been behind the poorer in the sacrifice of those who were near and dear to them. Both suggestions are grotesquely untrue: all taxation is 'conscription' of wealth; and when the income tax mounts, as it does to-day, to 10*s.* 6*d.* in the pound it is conscription of the severest character. As for the sacrifice of life, no one class has been before or after another.

I could not, indeed, have brought myself even to notice this argument, if it were not the revelation it affords as to the temper of those who are demanding a levy on capital. Of some; by no means of all. Some are inspired far less by a desire to relieve the necessities of the state, than to attack the accumulated wealth of the possessing classes, careless, it is to be feared, of the results of the attack upon the

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Commonwealth. There are many, on the other hand, who are genuinely convinced that nowhere else can fiscal salvation be found. With the latter only is this article concerned.

Would a capital levy satisfy the test of equity? I submit that it would not; and for two reasons: first, it penalizes the thrifty and patriotic citizen, while the reckless and the extravagant go scot free; and, secondly, it differentiates most unfairly between one form of saving and another.

Take the case of two barristers, each of whom has enjoyed for the last 20 years an income of £3000 a year. Both, let it be assumed, are bachelors, and 'without encumbrances.' 'A,' prudent and patriotic, has, to the great advantage of the Commonwealth, and in particular of its industrial enterprise, accumulated a fortune of £20,000 which he has invested in the ordinary way. 'B' has throughout life spent up to the last penny of his earnings. 'A' is not only under the existing law taxed heavily upon his 'unearned' *income* (every penny of it, let us note, being as much 'earned' as the fees from his briefs), he is now called upon to disgorge a considerable proportion, say £4000 of his modest *capital*. 'B' having in the current vulgarism, 'done himself well' all his life, has nothing to disgorge. He may indeed have been just sufficiently prudent to purchase a deferred annuity for his declining years. Even so it could hardly be made the subject of a capital levy — though he might conceivably be brought under proportionate contribution by other means.

Compare again, the position of 'A' with that of his college friend and contemporary 'C,' who instead of going to the Bar, has entered the Indian Civil Service, at the age of 50 or earlier. 'C' never having voluntarily saved a penny, retires on a pension of £1000 a year. 'A,' having saved his own pension sees 20 per cent of it 'conscripted.' 'C,' having had it saved for him escapes. Yet 'A' has, in the economic sense, deserved far better of the state than 'C.' He has oiled the wheels of industry; 'C' has merely made his old age secure.

A 'levy' would, therefore, work, I submit, most unequally as between individuals. The inequity might be, to some extent, corrected by various devices; but it would not be easy to do it; and the chances are that if ever the proposal were adopted the methods would be too summary to admit of such scientific conviction.

But, equitable or inequitable, is the idea feasible? Mr. Arnold, for whose opinion on financial questions I have sincere respect, would answer with an emphatic affirmative. The state finds no difficulty in extorting in the shape of 'death duties' a lump of capital from the estate of a deceased person; why not take it from the estates of the living? If the bulk of a man's property consisted of 'real estate,' still more if it consisted of actual money (and there are plenty of people, I fancy, who still hug this illusion, or at least talk as if they did), it would be easy enough to assess its value and to claim for the state a share of it. But land and houses form but a fraction of the accumulated wealth of Britain, while the amount of 'cash' which a man possesses is generally in inverse ratio to his wealth. Other forms of wealth — personal belongings, furniture, pictures, capital invested in agriculture, in industry, and so on — are less easily valued. The wide diversity of 'valuations,' even when made by competent valuers, is proverbial, and already forms one of the difficulties incidental to the equitable collection of 'death duties.' But the existing difficulty is insignificant com-

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pared with the difficulty of valuing simultaneously the whole accumulated wealth of the country.

Still, this difficulty, I admit, is not insuperable. There is another far more formidable. The mere announcement of a capital levy would, I believe, induce immediately such a shrinkage of values, as would seriously diminish the anticipated yield. Would not values sink to zero when everyone was simultaneously attempting to sell property and to realize securities, in order to satisfy the demands of the tax gatherer? But why, urges the advocate of a levy, should everyone rush to sell and realize? The state would claim its share not in cash, but in kind. Suppose an 'estate' consisted entirely of £100,000 railway debentures. The state would simply claim a quarter of them, and *would hold them*, without any attempt at immediate realization. If a man's capital was invested wholly in War Loan, the state would simply cancel 25 per cent of it. I admit that the conversion of so much of the wealth of the country into government securities has greatly facilitated such a process. But the very fact that it is facilitated brings the whole transaction ominously close to the border line of repudiation. Repudiation, in the naked sense, is, of course, unthinkable. A capital levy, though more respectable in form, would not, under existing circumstances, be in essence so widely differentiated from it, and it would deal, in my opinion, a fatal blow alike at credit and at thrift.

This leads me to another consideration: that of financial expediency. A levy might be at once equitable in theory and feasible in practice, and yet be hopelessly inexpedient. Is the idea open, in fact, to this criticism?

By its more responsible sponsors — such as Mr. Arnold, it is generally advocated as a preferable alternative to the continued imposition of a very high income tax.

This plea deserves respectful attention. An income tax levied at the present rate is, beyond all question, dangerously deterrent to industrial enterprise and not encouraging to habits of thrift. It is a sorry prospect for the younger men just entering upon a commercial career to be faced by the possibility of a continuance of the tax at existing rates for half a century to come.

Would the proposed alternative be preferable? Can it indeed be seriously regarded as an *alternative?* When Mr. Bonar Law seemed, in January, 1915, to be tending toward an acceptance of the suggestion of a capital levy, this was, I have reason to believe, the main if not the sole argument which appealed to him. It is as *an alternative to a high income tax* that Mr. Arnold, in able and closely reasoned speeches, has more than once commended the proposal to the House of Commons. 'The choice is,' he said on May 20, 1919, 'between a levy on capital and a high income tax.' On May 1 he was even more specific, and pointed out that 'as a result of a capital levy the general rate of the income tax could be reduced from 8*s.* in the pound to less than 3*s.* in the pound.' He may be theoretically right; it might be possible so to reduce it; but is there any probability that the income tax would be reduced to less than 3*s.*, or that if it were it would be permitted by those who favor direct taxation to remain at that level? Mr. J. A. Hobson,* expressly repudiated the alternative. 'I want,' he said in effect, '*both* a capital levy *and* a high income tax.' Precisely. So do all his Socialist friends — if they can get it. But is Mr. Arnold's alternative so very alluring? Take a simple case: that of a man whose whole for-

* *Manchester Guardian*, January 26, 1918.

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tune consists of £100,000 5 per cent War Bonds. With an 8*s.* income tax his net income is £3000 a year. A capital levy at an *average* rate of 25 per cent would reduce his capital (for the reduction in his case would be *above* the average rate) to, say, £70,000, and would reduce his net income (after deducting income tax at 3*s.*) to £2975. He would have lost £25 of income and would have £25,000 less to leave to his children; while the state would have £25,000 less on which to levy Death Duties. For the state cannot have it all ways. The ingenuity of Somerset House is proverbial, but even the Inland Revenue Officials would find it difficult to assess Death Duties on capital which had already passed to the state in the lifetime of the deceased.

Perhaps I labor the point unnecessarily; but I am most anxious that every thoughtful citizen should work out an abstract proposition in concrete terms. The whole of this part of the argument for a capital levy rests, however, upon four assumptions:

(1) That it will not exceed, in the first instance, 25 per cent.

(2) That it will never be repeated.

(3) That the income tax will be reduced to 3*s.* in the pound or less.

(4) That the reduction in the rate will be permanent.

Unless you can grant these assumptions the whole structure of reasoned argument topples over. Does any practical politician, does any sane person imagine that the assumptions are otherwise than ridiculous? Who could make the bargain with the income tax payers? Who could enforce it, if made? Not the Treasury, nor the Cabinet, nor even the House of Commons. Who can bind a Sovereign Legislature? If there is one thing about a capital levy more certain than another, it is that if it prove feasible and successful (which I do not anticipate) the device will be repeated, perhaps on an even more ambitious scale.

Should this happen, another result would infallibly follow; no one would ever save a sovereign or even a shilling again. And yet what is the crying need of industry to-day — indeed at all times — but particularly to-day? Even Sir Leo Chiozza Money can perceive that it is *capital*. 'Now capital should be lavished upon mining properties.' So he writes in the *Daily Herald* of October 31. I trust that the habitual readers of that interesting journal will take the advice to heart, and will ask themselves this simple question: Where is capital to come from for the development of the coal or any other industry? Capital involves two processes: the production of wealth, and abstention from the immediate consumption of the product. If the state is going to make its levies upon capital, who is going in future to accumulate it? Yet the accumulation of wealth is the indispensable condition of all material progress. Remove the incentive to saving and mankind would return (doubtless by very gradual stages) to the condition of primitive barbarism, and these islands would carry, at most, a population of 5,000,000 people, ill clothed, half-starved, and wholly unprogressive. Without capital you can have no progress; without saving you can have no capital; without security you will have no saving. A capital levy would, in my judgment, be fatal to security, and would, therefore, impose an insuperable barrier to all industrial development.

The British Review of Reviews

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TALK OF EUROPE

MR. NORMAN GALE of old Bilton, Rugby, England, has just published a *Merry-go-round of Song, containing poems for children, fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts, grandfathers, and grandmothers.* From it we have extracted the following original gem. It is called —

BOBBY'S FIRST POEM

ith rely is ridikelus
how uncle charly tikkels us
at eester and at mikkelmus
Upon the nursry floor
and rubbs our chins and bites our ears
like firty fousand polar bares
and rors like lyons down the stares
and wont play enny mor.

AT the recent visit of General Diaz to London a small boy of the East End, merry and dirty and cheeky, drove his donkey's nose beneath the harness of a Sheriff's coach. The haughty stare of the coachman, who was all powder and plush and majesty, would have blasted any ordinary person to perdition. Instead of which the small boy cocked up his head, and said, ''Ello, 'Enry the Eight, 'ow are yer?'

MEGS was rewarded for being always a good little girl by the news of the arrival in the world of a baby sister. Megs was at her kindergarten school when the good news came; her father was in Ceylon, her mother in London. 'And where's baby?' asks Megs. 'With daddy or mum?'

ONCE the ball of self-determination has been started rolling, there is no stopping it. Now it is the voice of Azerbaïdjan that must be heard. There must be financiers there for the Azerbaïdjanians or Azerbaïdjanese have actually got out pamphlets and a propaganda. Where is it? Let the pamphlet speak. 'Situated,' it says, 'south of the Caucasus, on the Caspian Sea, at the mouths of the Kura and Arax, Azerbaïdjan was on the way of the great migrations of Barbarians, toward Europe, later some Turkish tribes settled there. Any traveler can immediately recognize in the Azerbaïdjanians quite a different type of people from the Armenians and the Georgians, their western neighbors, from the Persians, who still occupy a large tract of Azerbaïdjan. The Azerbaïdjanian type differs also from those of the Caucasian mountain tribes, Circassians (Adiges), Ossetians, Tchetchenians, Ingoush, etc.'

What would one not give to see a Tchetchenian or a wild Ingoush?

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT, speaking at a luncheon at the National Liberal Club on 'An Irish Settlement,' said:

You are governing Ireland with the help of a huge army of occupation, with all the latest engines of destruction, which in England are already finding their proper place in the museums. This monstrous substitute for statesmanship is superimposed upon the largest police force in proportion to population in the world. People who dare to protest against a régime which would not be tolerated for a moment by white people in any other portion of the British Empire are ruthlessly incarcerated. Does it mean nothing to you that even your English jails will not hold prisoners whom every free-born jailer knows in the bottom of his heart ought not to be there?

Beneath all this tragedy, this futility, and farce, there is being established an Irish Republic with at least as much moral sanction as your government can claim, and with ten times its political influence, not only upon the thought and action of the Irish people but upon the anti-British sentiment throughout the world.

Let us consider what can now be done. I start with the assumption that you must at once substitute civil government for Prussian militarism. Never again must a British military force be employed for the establishment or support of any political system in any part of Ireland. Once this is con-

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ceded, the road to an Irish settlement, which you have blocked, will be reopened.

The unity of Ireland must be preserved. The proposal to set up two separate Irelands in the expectation that they will some day come together is open to the fatal objection that the Parliament of the majority would in all probability declare at once its sovereign independence, and then the North and South would never come together, except in the not improbable event of each having a quarrel with England. The path of wisdom is now to make to the Irish people a firm offer of the fullest measure of self-government consistent with the necessities of the common defense of the United Kingdom — in other words, the status of a self-governing Dominion with defense reservations.

You say that there is no longer any difficulty in England; only in Ireland itself. What you mean is that Ulster says: 'We won't have it, and England has promised not to coerce Ulster.' I have pointed out before that the coercion bogey is for English consumption only. The only real coercion is the moral coercion which Ulster applies to the British Government, who pass it on in the shape of physical coercion to the rest of Ireland.

The relation between the different parts of Ireland can only be decided in a democratically elected assembly of the whole of Ireland. You can either set up an Irish Parliament at once to exercise such functions as can be exercised independently of the agreement which will have to be come to between the northeast corner and the rest of the country, or you can set up a similarly elected Convention or Constituent Assembly to decide these relations. Ulster, since it will be negotiating, as a minority, with a large majority, is entitled to demand that the settlement so arrived at should receive the sanction of the British Government as one which in their opinion provides reasonable safeguards for its special interests. If Ulster refuses to help, then an Irish Republic, which is already a righteous moral protest, will become an effective political reality. Speaking for moderate Irishmen, for so I may describe the Irish Dominions League, I ask you to give us a chance to conciliate both extremes.

In condemning English government in Ireland, perhaps it might have sufficed to say that it is not English and not government. I was moved to make an emphatic protest against its continuance by seeing in recent newspapers the wholly anomalous inclusion of Lord French and Mr. Macpherson as alternates in the new Cabinet. I interpreted this 'Box and Cox' arrangement to mean that if Ireland is to be crushed the Field Marshal will be sent for, and if she is to be governed until she governs herself, then the Chief Secretary.

THE order of the French Government for the removal of all German statues from Alsace-Lorraine may result in the restitution of French memorials which have been in exile since 1871. A notable example of the kind is Mulhausen's statue of Napoleon. Formerly it stood in the Rue du Manège, before an old mansion which had been converted into a dancing academy, and it used to be a saying of the pupils, 'On va danser chez Napoleon.' In 1871 the statue became a centre of patriotic demonstrations and the German police ordered its removal. It was not destroyed, however, and after resting in an obscure courtyard for forty years was rescued eight years ago by a prominent citizen, who had it cleaned and made ready for the day of restoration. Napoleon may soon be back at his old station.

A FRIEND vouches for the truth of the following story.

Scene: the National Gallery.

Dramatis personæ: A newly-rich child, female, overdressed, aged 14 to 15. A newly-rich mother also overdressed.

Child (pointing): Mother, look at that b—y picture.

Mother: Emma how often have I told you that it's vulgar to point?

A YOUNG soldier, who has traveled much in the trail of war, writes home as follows: 'I am at Haifa, which is now the most important coastal town in Palestine. The ex-Kaiser visited the place in pre-war days and passed on to Bethlehem. A Canadian soldier who heard of this remarked, "You bet the shepherds watched their flocks that night."'

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THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

The **Times,** a Northcliffe journal, has been consistently favorable to the League; the **Morning Post,** a conservative and Tory journal, has opposed the League from the beginning.

* * *

Dr. S. Wasshio, author of the second article, is a cultured Japanese who has just returned from a tour of observation of Europe and America which included a sojourn in the political laboratory at Paris. The editor of the Japan *Advertiser* writes that he prints the article with 'some hesitation.' He continues:

'Foreigners, and we hope Japanese as well, will understand the cause of our hesitation. It was not that we had the least objection to criticism of America by Japanese whether we agreed with such criticism or not. But we had some difficulty in believing that Dr. Wasshio was in earnest. He was asking a very interesting question: "What, then, is this democracy for which the world has been made safe?" but we could hardly believe that his observations had led him to the conclusion that nothing that is, is right.'

Later, the editor adds:

'This fear of American capitalists gobbling up eastern Asia is one of those bogeys which, when they are looked in the face, are found to belong to the turnip lantern order of hobgoblins. "Capitalistic imperialism" is only dangerous when there is a government behind it ready to enforce exclusion and monopoly. Economic expansion in countries where a settled government exists merely follows that "channel of demand and supply and legitimate investment" which Dr. Wasshio finds unobjectionable. Can Dr. Wasshio produce a single case in which the American Government has asked for special privileges and exclusive interests in any Asiatic territory? None such is on record, and if the whole trend of American policy and political feeling since the establishment of the country is any guide such a policy would be repugnant to the American people in a marked degree. Let us at least wait for proof before we allow such panic fears to disturb us. Americans and the American Administration have never contemplated any form of enterprise in the Far East except on terms of openness and equality. American investments in Siberia or China need cause no more alarm to Japan than English investments in South America cause the American people.'

* * *

A. H. Pollen is a distinguished civilian critic of British naval affairs.

* * *

Edmund Gosse, essayist and historian of English literature, is also librarian of the House of Lords.

* * *

W. B. Yeats, the distinguished poet of the Irish revival, will need no introduction to Americans.

* * *

Arthur W. Howlett, is a British officer who was formerly in the Indian civil service.

* * *

Pierre Mille is one of the truly Parisian group of French writers

* * *

J. C. Squire is editor of the new review, the *London Mercury.*

* * *

Mr. Ernest J. P. Benn is editor of *Ways and Means.* During the war he was chairman of the Trade Organization Commissioners, Ministry of Reconstruction.

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DISCORDS

BY OSBERT SITWELL

From where our lonely vessel sails
We see the curving town extend;
The wisp of smoke each house exhales
Trails ribbonlike; below, the sand
Lies streaked in crooked furrows
Where stones and shells are sown,
For day and night the ocean ploughs
Till its great horses foam.

Distorted images of day
Still thrown by the molten mirror of the sea
Upon the cliffs, where darkening shadows cling,
Create tall striped pavilions;
And in this dusk
The switchback paths unload
Their hurrying crowd,
Festooning through the trees,
In patterns, in great wreaths,
Until the couples disengage
About the bright lit cage,
From which, like rings of smoke,
Music escapes to hover in our wake
An opalescent form that bends and fades
High, over ashen-foaming waves.
The moon above our boat
Hangs like a huge balloon;
The rigging seems the rope
From which our car hangs down,
Until the whole world sways,
Swings, wavers, in the breeze!
The clamor and cacophony
Shoreward, grow continually.
Lights flicker, glitter,
Bands play: religions dance and sing
With tambourine and zither;
Bands, trumpet, organs, bells, all chime and clang,
Combine into a fanfare.
The Old Day is no more.

We sink into the vast horizon,
While little waves intone their sunset orison.

Here all the shoreward clamor
Sinks to a sighing sound,
When Night unfurls her banner
Above her playing ground.
The Mermaids and the Mermen
Dive, floundering about;
The singing of the syren
Calls the sea-city out.

They leave their homes, their coral caves,
Rise slowly, and their silver sheen
Reflects the water's lucent waves.
But now another form is seen

Near where the hunch-back'd dolphin plays;
Out of the sea, renew'd, reborn,
The hairy, drunken Triton sways
And hiccoughs down the horn.

Art and Letters

THE YEAR'S DECLINE

BY WILFRID THORLEY

(*After André Rivoire*)

Pale and slow, in her summer's vesture so pale,
So slow in her languor, ah! very pale and slow,
Wending along with a sorrow that will not wail,
Blind sky above and the scentless meadows below.

And lo! in her heart, borne down by a load too dire,
The sound of a horn's farewell more loud than her grief—
Ah! thus to pass away and to win for pyre
A space heaped high with the rain of the yellow leaf!

Ah! thus to die, to rest where the gold leaves rest,
In the tender reluctance of air that the autumn brings,
To hear the sob of the comfortless wind. Far west,
To welcome the falling dusk and the folding wings!

The Cambridge Magazine

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